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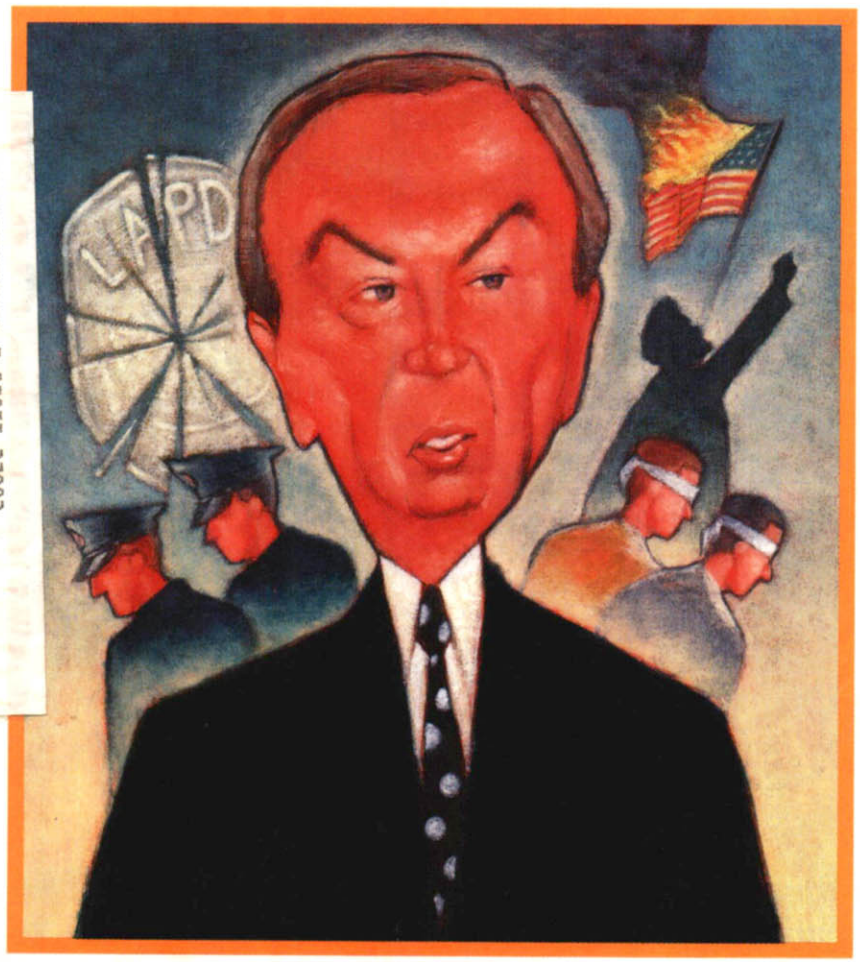

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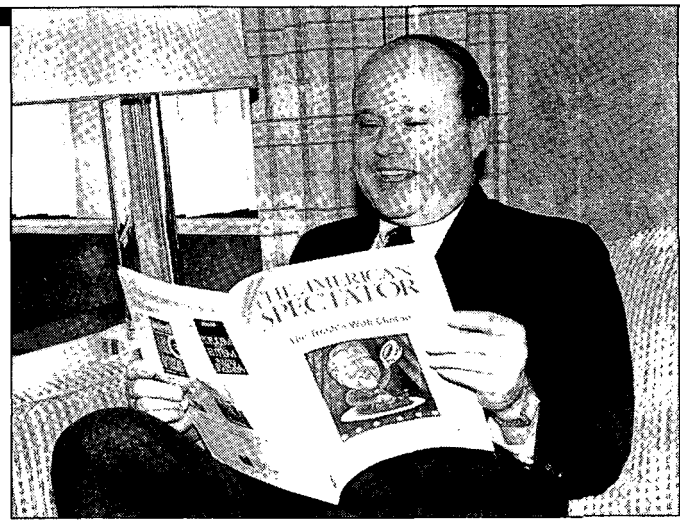

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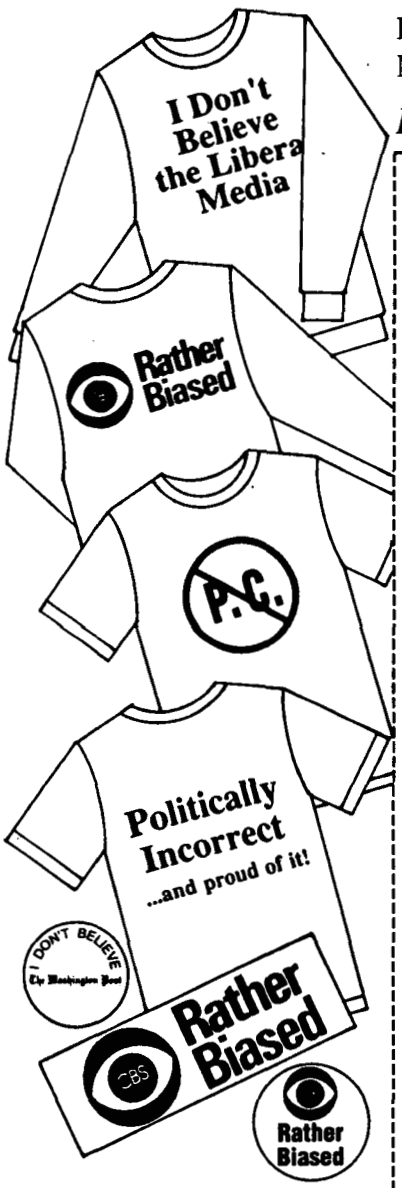

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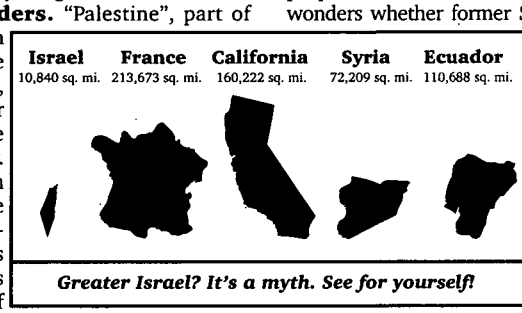
In May of 1989, James Baker, declared in an address to AIPAC (American Israel Public Affairs Committee) that the Jewish state should once and for all forget about "the dream of a greater Israel". It was the first time that this phrase had been heard from the lips of a Western statesman. What does it mean? Does it have any relation to reality?

What are the facts?

Stripes on the flag. Arab propaganda has it that the two stripes on the flag of Israel, above and below the star of David, represent the Nile and the Euphrates River, respectively, and signify Israel's expansionist desire to form an empire that would supposedly reach from Cairo to Baghdad. But that has no basis in fact, of course. Nowhere in any documents of the Jewish state, in any statement by even the most "radical" spokesman can any reference to anything like that be found.

Israel's Borders. "Palestine", part of the Ottoman Empire before World War I, came under British mandate after that war. The Golan Heights were part of Palestine. Israel's current borders are the result of the 1948 War of Independence, in which six Arab armies invaded the new-born state, but were utterly defeated, and the 1967 Six-Day War, in which those same armies once again invaded Israel. In that war, Israel conquered the Gaza Strip, the vast Sinai Peninsula, and the Golan Heights. And Israel also *repossessed* the provinces of Judea/Samaria, (the "West Bank"), and the eastern part of Jerusalem, which had been occupied by the Jordanians nineteen years earlier when they invaded the just new-born Jewish state. In order to achieve peace with Egypt, Israel returned to it all of the Sinai. Israel is and has always been prepared to grant full autonomy to the Arabs living in Judea/Samaria. It is clear to all knowledgeable in military matters that, for immutable strategic reasons, Israel cannot for any foreseeable future abandon or yield military control of Judea/Samaria and of the Golan Heights.

The Myth of Greater Israel. Israel is one of the smallest countries in the world. Most people don't realize how small it really is. One wonders whether former Secretary of State Baker was aware of it when he uttered his memorable phrase of "Greater Israel". A look at the map is revealing. Including the vaunted "West Bank", the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights, the entire area of the country is barely over 10,000 square miles. France is twenty times as large as Israel, California fifteen time as large, Syria about seven times as large, and "tiny" Ecuador ten times as large. Israel is so small that its area is less than half the size of San Bernadino County, California; if it were dropped into Lake Michigan it would disappear from sight without a trace. The Arab countries in contrast are huge—they occupy twice the area of the United States.



Greater Israel? It's a myth. See for yourself!

It is clear that the concept of "Greater Israel", lacks any validity and has no basis in fact. To apply such a concept to a country as small as Israel would almost seem a mockery. Obviously, Israel has no territorial ambitions. All it wants is to live in peace within secure and defensible borders, just as any other country and as required under U.N. Resolution No. 242. But it seems that the *size* of Israel, whether "greater" or "lesser" is not at all the concern of Israel's implacable Arab enemies. The very *existence* of Israel, of a Jewish state in their midst of whatever size, is unacceptable to the Arabs. And unless that mindset changes, not until the Arab states have become democracies and have come to full acceptance of Israel, are willing to make *true* peace with it, and are prepared to establish normal and friendly relations with Israel can any possible territorial adjustment be considered. As it looks right now, that may still take some time.

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CENTRAL PERIODICAL

ABOUT THIS MONTH

by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

IT HAD ALL THE MARKS of a healthy debate. Reacting to Bill Clinton's selections for his cabinet, there were those who said it "reflected the face of America." Others insisted the new cabinet "looks like the rest of America," while still others came right to the point and said it simply "looks like America." Brilliant Bill even boasted how one of his non-male selections hadn't been on any of the Women's lists of acceptable choices. When Robert Reich took the discussion about "looks" to new lows by singling out his own lack of stature, the women appointees who followed him openly acknowledged that they weren't much taller themselves. As P. J. O'Rourke has put it (see page 20), these are people "filled to the nose holes with enormous esteem for themselves."

A RULING CLIQUE FOUNDED on appearances and narcissism can't afford to admit that to look like America isn't necessarily to think like America. In Pete du Pont's words (see page 23), the Clinton Administration represents a return to power of "the persistent minority," consisting of "all those interests whose desires for particular outcomes lead them to violate the majority's desire for . . . small government, individual initiative, and a market economy." For a comprehensive reminder of how the majority voted last November—not that Clinton's sychophants in the press have paid any attention to *these* results—see Grover Norquist's "The Real Mandate" (page 41). To cite one indicator of popular attitudes: in states that voted on the measure, term limits received 20 million votes, Bill Clinton 14 million. Enough said?

NO, NOT REALLY. Even in a city like New York, where political impositions from the persistent minority are a way of life, Clintonista Joseph Fernandez's plan to expose city first-graders to a shocking curriculum has parents of every ethnic stripe ready to rebel. (See William Tucker's "Revolt in Queens," page 26). We'll leave it to the Department of Health and Human Services to determine whether these parents "look like America." For us it's enough that they look like New York City.

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Do Intelligent People Worry About Hell?

Mark Twain said he didn't believe in Hell but was afraid he'd go there. Isn't that a problem with atheism and all those godless "isms" — Freudianism, hedonism, Marxism, etc. — that have fascinated apparently intelligent people? You just can't be sure there isn't a God, a Judgment, a Devil, and a Hell.

But isn't all that Heaven-and-Hell stuff a crutch for wimps and neurotics, an insult to one's intelligence?

Actually, there's a revival of interest in religion going on among the intelligentsia. And why not? Intellectuals have bought into every panacea and quack remedy to come down the pike, and are running out of substitutes for the Real Thing. Ostensibly bright people have pooh-poohed Hell, liberated themselves from morality, turned themselves into pooh-bahs, and created a Hell on earth for everyone else. Perhaps it's true that the Devil's cleverest wile is to convince us he doesn't exist.

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An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by *Newsweek* as "cheeky" (it takes cheek to mention Hell!), by *National Review* as "first-rate," by *Library Journal* as "brilliant," by the eminent evangelical theologian Carl F.H. Henry as "exceedingly well done," and by Christopher Derrick, England's foremost Catholic apologist and a pupil and long-time friend of C.S. Lewis, as "by far the best Catholic magazine in the English-speaking world." Frankly, we're "influential," to quote the *Los Angeles Times*.

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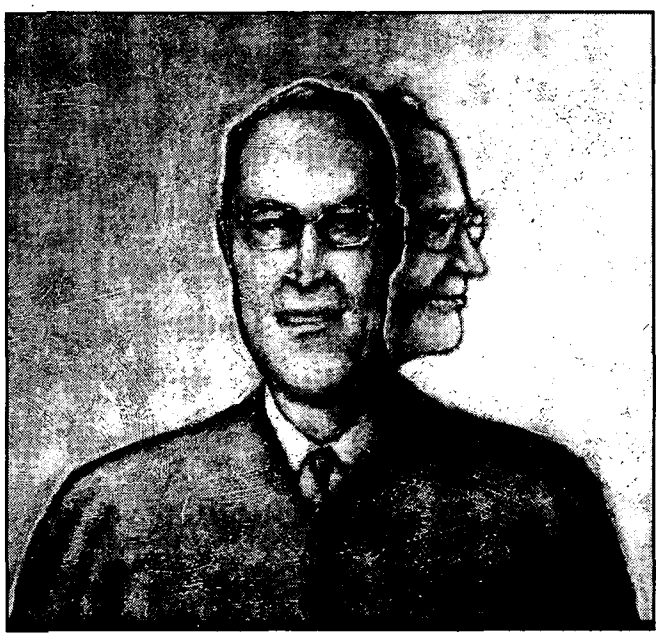

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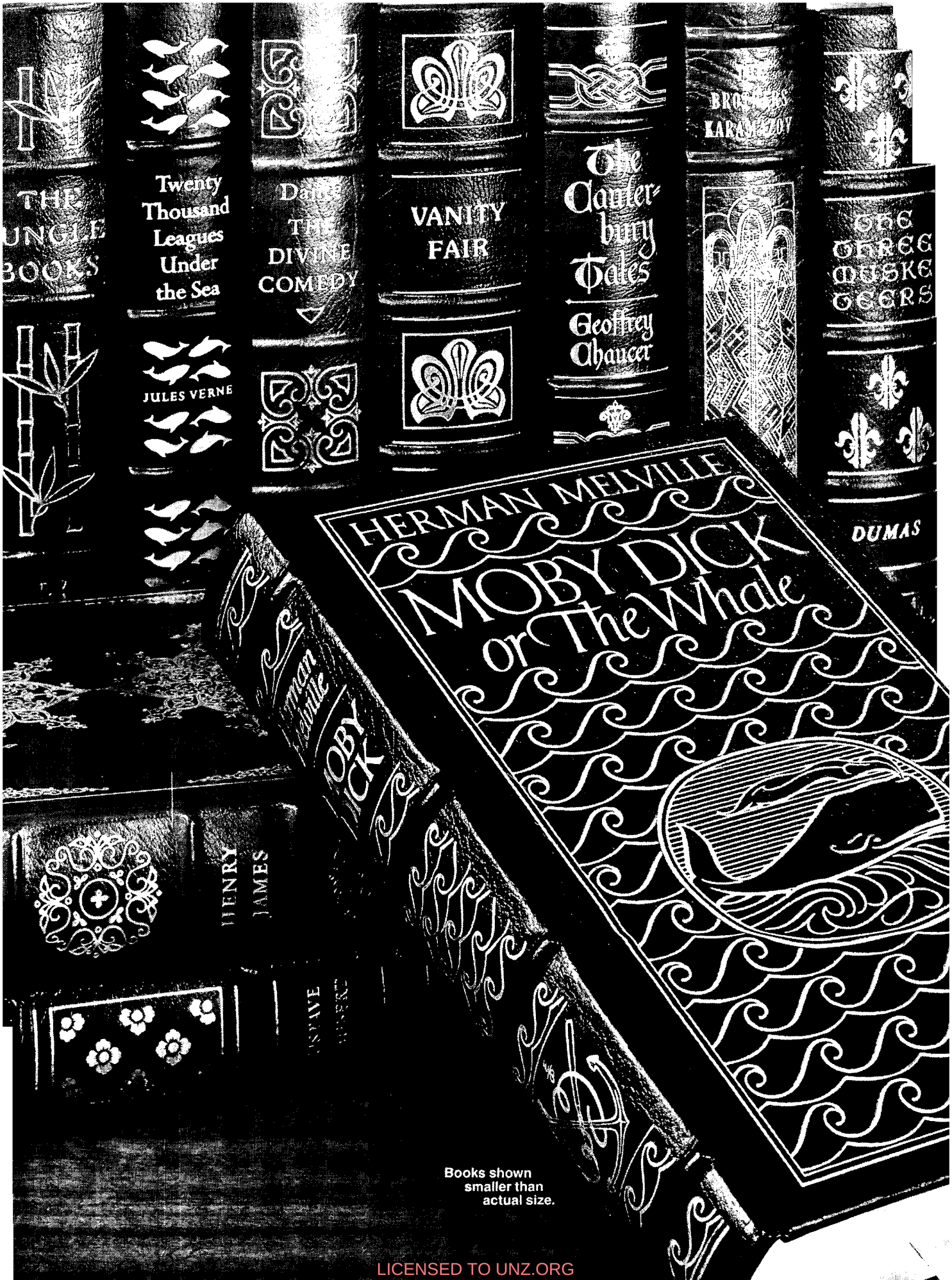

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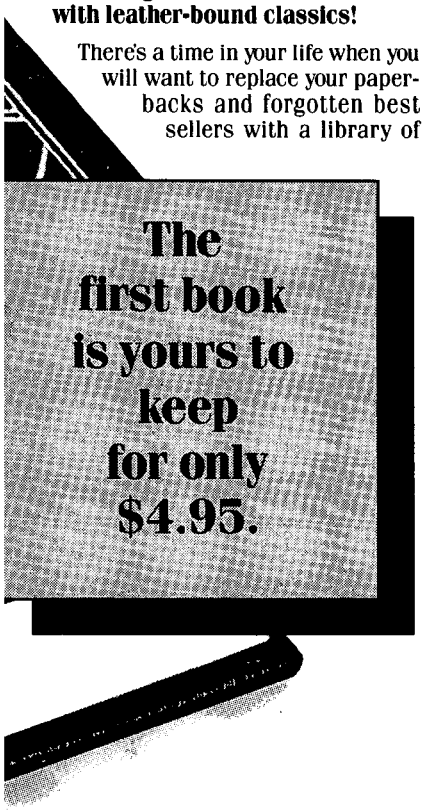

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• December departs, stage left, and with it 1992, a strange year. In the last month of that strange year the President-elect, who by this time next year will have proved to be a strange President, finished naming twenty-three people to the highest posts in his government. His standard for choosing them was, in point of fact, a strange standard. It was not excellence, not competence, not even trustworthiness but *diversity*, which, like so many of Mr. William Jefferson Clinton's other boasts, is a lovely-sounding impossibility. At the end of the month, he congratulated himself on making appointments "reflecting the face of America," though his appointments tapped no Asians, few Catholics, no Scandinavians, few bald men, no Perotists, no Republicans, not one avowed homosexual, no East European Gentiles or Jews. WASPs were underrepresented, as were women, Midwesterners, and people with flat feet. Diversity? There was more diversity at New Hampshire's annual Roadkill Auction, where in mid-December some 200 bidders could purchase bears, coyotes, wild turkeys, porcupines, foxes, opossums, porcupines, deer, raccoons, bobcats, dozens of species of birds, and a lone mole, selling for $2.50. Moreover, the New Hampshire bidders recognized that they were making their choices purely on the basis of animal attributes. Our philosopher king has deluded himself into thinking that his choices reflect some more elevated principle.

• The "fairy tale" marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales headed towards the rocks, thanks quite possibly to the stratagems of real fairies. Anterior to this month's rocks, British media reported a secretly taped conversation between Princess Diana and an unidentified man who cleverly addressed her as "Squidgy." Yes, Squidgy! Then on December 9, a visibly disturbed Prime Minister John Major electrified the House of Commons with his electrifying announcement that the fairy tale couple had decided to live apart. "Squidgy" indeed!

• Of course, the House of Commons has been amply electrified for decades, but usually the lights are kept very dim by the Lord Highlighter, traditionally attired in eighteenth-century powdered wig and pants with attached "feeties" and a buttoned flap across the bottom. He keeps the lights dim so that Labour MPs will not be embarrassed by the prevalance of food stains on their clothing. Moreover, several of the older Labour MPs are given to removing their teeth during protracted sessions so that they can quietly gum their "chowder sop" and "fuegzy tuegzy," those venerable working-class euphoriants. In Atlanta, Georgia, a spokesman for Holiday Inn announced that all of its 1,700 hotels will be checked for "peepholes." Earlier this year, Mrs. Marilyn Heaton and her nubile 18-year-old daughter, Tara, filed a lawsuit against the Holiday Inn corporation upon discovering a "peephole" in their Holiday Inn room in Cleveland, Tennessee. "The only reason for the peepholes being there is for employees of the hotel to watch people undressing, showering, or involved in sexual intercourse," said the plaintiffs' lawyer, Mr. Jerry Summer, who sounds a bit sex-crazed. The incoming Clinton Administration can make wholesome use of those "peepholes" as the government finally gets tough with cigarette smokers, and such other antisocial miscreants as salt consumers, cholesterol bingers, and dealers in black market disposable diapers. Ohio University patented a virus-resistant mouse.

• In India, more than 200 people perished in rioting between Hindus and Muslims on December 7, the fifty-first anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Back in the United Kingdom, a giant pig attacked a man, trapping him in a telephone booth near historic Littledean, Gloucestershire. The pig, a sow owned by Mr. Tim Pink, "had," in the proud owner's words, "just come into heat for the first time and she went out hunting for a mate." Officials withheld the identity of the unwilling—albeit porcine—mate out of solicitude for the flabbergasted man's feelings. The citizenry of Littledean, Gloucs. has long been known for lacerating wit and occasionally insensitive jocosity. In the aptly named Chagrin Falls, Ohio, Mrs. Cora Bruck, 86, has decided to contest the will of her brother, Mr. William Cruxton, 82, who died in November and left most of his $500,000 estate to a 17-year-old waitress who served him daily at Dink's Colonial Restaurant.

• American Marines encountered surprisingly little hostility after coming ashore in Somalia to assist in the distribution of aid to the famished natives. Russia's President Boris Yeltsin won a month-long political struggle to preserve his economic reforms, encouraging Miss Olga Frankevich of picturesque Vishneve, Ukraine, to come out from under her bed where she had been hiding for the past forty-five years. In 1947 Miss Frankevich secreted herself under the bed to escape security police who had taken her father away during one of those Stalinist purges that the *Nation* magazine insisted were not taking place. "In the house," Russia's Itar-Tass news agency reported, "it was as if time had stood still since 1947." Thus it is possible that by coming out of hiding and entering the 1992 Ukrainian mainstream Miss Frankevich might actually have lowered her standard of living.

• On December 22, a private group charged with measuring recessions, the Business Cycle Dating Committee of the National Bureau of Economic Research, announced that the recently abominated recession actually ended in March 1991, casting new doubt on the intelligence of the 1992 presidential contenders, the media, and some 43 percent of the electorate. In Falmouth, Kentucky, Mr. Brian J. Rose was convicted of selling his four-month old son to a police undercover agent for $1,000, including state and local

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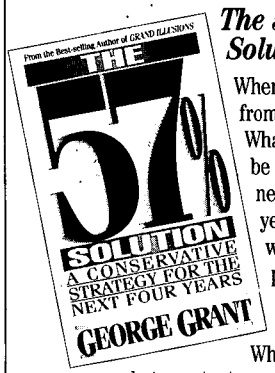
taxes. On Christmas Eve, President George Bush made an attempt on the life of "independent" counsel Lawrence E. Walsh by pardoning six of Mr. Walsh's Iran-*contra* victims, including Caspar Weinberger and Elliott Abrams. Mr. Walsh survived the attack physically but became even more erratic and in maniacal outbursts spoke of his plans to impeach former President Ronald Reagan and renew his investigation of Mr. Bush. Miss Annalie Pieterse, while jogging through the South African countryside, was attacked by an ostrich. The resourceful Miss Pieterse strangled the plumed assailant. "I grabbed his neck, wringing it like a turkey's. It was surprisingly easy."

• In Albany, New York, state officials made an unexpected admission of their own moral turpitude and general wretchedness when the state Assembly's members agreed to attend a one-day training session designed to discourage sexual harassment. Light was also shed on the Assembly's low level of intellect when Mr. Saul Weprin, the Assembly's so-called speaker, asseverated that "we're all against sexual harassment, but I don't think a lot of us know what it is." In an enlightened attempt to lessen social tension, officials in Montpelier, Vermont, are implementing a policy change that could presage happiness nationwide. Restrictions against smoking in Vermont's state prisons are being relaxed so that inmates will be more agreeable, and the policy seems to work. Smokers to the barricades!

• Major Orestes Lorenzo Perez, the valiant Cuban pilot who last year defected from Fidel's Eden with a Soviet-built MIG, returned in an aging Cessna 310 on December 19 for one minute to startle Fidel's jailkeepers, scoop up his family, and return to that maw of Kapitalist Imperialism, Florida. In Terryville, Connecticut, Kevin Elliot, a 33-year-old jogger, was mistaken for a deer and shot. Two roguish Navy recruiters in Redding, California, were diciplined when their superiors discovered that they had misinformed several female recruits, telling them that they had to strip so the men could take down their measurements. (Psychiatrists identify this as a classic cry for help.) The Iranian Revolutionary News Service reported that "a taxi with five passengers and its driver were swallowed up" on Imam Khomeini Avenue—where else? And the spirit of Ralph Nader endures! In Los Angeles, California, Mr. Jacob Mandel, described by his many barbers as "obsessive about his hair," took exception to haircuts he received in three San Fernando Valley barber shops and burned them to the ground. Mr. Mandel pleaded no contest to the fires. And another stern figure of American reform was in the news in December, former California Governor Brown. He insists that that white supremacist message discovered on his 800 number was the work not of him but of a prankster. Quoth the message: "The We the People organization is a white supremacy movement for we the people, meaning white Aryan race. I believe by eliminating the minority races, crime, rape, and drugs will slowly be eliminated. If you'd like to join me in the fight, leave your name and address and remember to vote for Jerry Brown." Mr. Brown may be a candidate in the Los Angeles mayoral race in April, and Jerry, you are going to need every vote, even of pranksters. *—RET*

Where Do We Go From Here?



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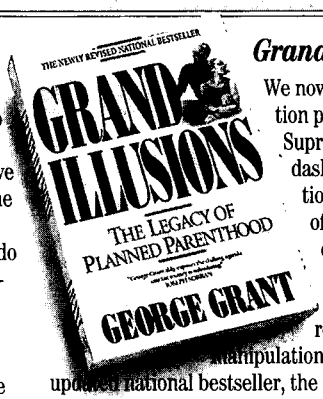

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Mary Quite Contrary

The December 1992 issue features "Books for Christmas," an annual list of gift suggestions from distinguished readers and writers. Most of those chosen to submit their list submitted titles on varied subjects.

Then we come to Mary Matalin's list. It starts out with "Reading is my number-one therapy and salvation," and I ask, who wants to know? Every book chosen by her was written by a woman, was about a woman, or was both. She sounds to me more like a feminist from NOW than the Bush/Quayle '92 political director. With a one-track mind like that, it is easy to see why Bush lost the election. Just compare Matalin's list with that of Phyllis Schlafly.

Marvin Liebman also makes the one-track mind column, and to a much lesser degree, so does John Doggett.

—Florence Jorgensen
New Milford, New Jersey

Louis Budenz

In their otherwise splendid article "The Comintern's Open Secrets" (*TAS*, December 1992) authors Harvey Klehr and John Haynes refer to ex-Communist Louis Budenz's "bizarre story that the Communist spoke in Aesopian language" as reason "many historians" dismissed the late Notre Dame, Fordham, and Seton Hall professor as a credible authority on the subject of home-grown Marxism, though he served as editor of the party's *Daily Worker* from 1940 to 1945.

Apparently those "many historians" never bothered to read the Marxist classics. In the preface to the Russian edition of V.I. Lenin's *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism*, the father of Soviet Communism wrote that he was forced "to formulate the few necessary observations on politics with extreme caution, by hints, in that Aesopian language—in that cursed Aesopian language—to which Czarism compelled all revolutionaries to have recourse, whenever they took their pens to write a 'legal' work." Lenin also advised of the need to use "Aesopian language" in his famous pamphlet *What Is to Be Done?*, as did Stalin in his *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Bolsheviks.*

So, too, did D.Z. Manuilsky, secretary general of the Communist International, complaining in his official 1934 report to the Seventeenth Party Congress of the Soviet Union that Italian Communists "have not mastered the secret of using that language of Aesop which, without diminishing its revolutionary class content, may stir and capture the imagination of the workers."

Several years before his death, Budenz told me his disillusionment with the U.S. Communist party began with the active involvement of the *Daily Worker* in arranging to smuggle a strange little man named "Frank" into Mexico illegally. "Frank" turned out to be Ramon Mercader, the Stalinist assassin who drove a pick-ax through Leon Trotsky's skull on August 20, 1940, in Mexico City.

As Klehr and Haynes note, the U.S. Communist party in those days—far from being an intellectual club where members sat around discussing Marxist theory—was deep into espionage, subversion, assassinations, and more. Now that recently available secret Soviet files prove Louis Budenz's veracity in his testimony about the CPUSA, perhaps some of the "many historians" who dismissed this gentle, kind man as only a footnote in history will finally have some second thoughts on their rash evaluations of him.

—John D. Boland
Research Director
Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation
St. Louis, Missouri

The Doctor Is In

In "Witch Doctor," his December Presswatch column, Terry Eastland says, "J.D.'s are never doctored." That's not quite so. The canons of ethics of the American Bar Association prohibit practicing lawyers, including judges and law professors, who have just a J.D. or/and LL.M. from using the title "Doctor." But a J.D. who is not practicing law may properly use that title. You can look it up.

It is possible that Anita Hill has some other doctorate—M.D., LL.D., Ph.D.—in addition to her J.D. If not, then Eastland was correct in stating that addressing her as "Dr. Hill" was inappropriate.

—Stanley R. Pappas, J.D.
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

On the Bias

In his superb column on the love affair between Bill Clinton and the media ("On the Bus With Bill and Hillary," *TAS*, October 1992), Terry Eastland quotes Tom Brokaw as saying, "I think most bias exists in the eye of the beholder." . . . If bias exists in the eye of the beholder, then it is no less true that objectivity exists only in the eye of the beholder. To say that bias is in the eye of the beholder is to say that the standards of objectivity are themselves subjective.

. . . In the end, . . . when you relativize truth, you succeed only in absolutizing "subjective" truth. . . .The ultimate upshot of relativism is that it has rendered moral absolutism logically unassailable. . . .

—Shannon Mader
Huntington Beach, California

Mon Dieu!

Please cancel my subscription. In the December issue's Continuing Crisis, signed with the initials "WP," the following appears: ". . . the ghastly Jean-Marie le Pen."

To some, M. le Pen may indeed be "ghastly." And "WP" is certainly entitled to use any adjective he chooses. But in any pretense to responsible journalism, the least "WP" could and should have said was "ghastly to some," or "ghastly to many," etc. But M. le Pen is *not* "ghastly" to everyone. Including this writer.

So, let us say adieu, now.

—William P. Treacy
Lake Forest, Illinois

Editors' Note

It has been brought to our attention that an editorial change made in Edward Conlon's "Mob Stories" (*TAS*, November 1992) may have left the impression that Gov. Mario Cuomo of New York was somehow linked to organized crime. While it would only compound the error to repeat the sentence here, Mr. Conlon—who missed the change in his perusal of final galleys—tenders his personal apologies, conceding that the governor would be well within his rights to have him whacked for even a lesser insult.

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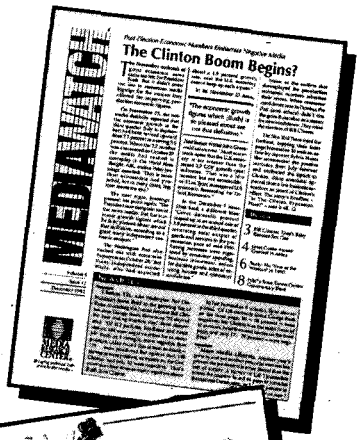

TV, etc., a monthly newsletter that investigates the liberal issue agenda permeating prime time television, current cinematic fare and record releases and catalogues the off-screen political activities of the Hollywood Left.

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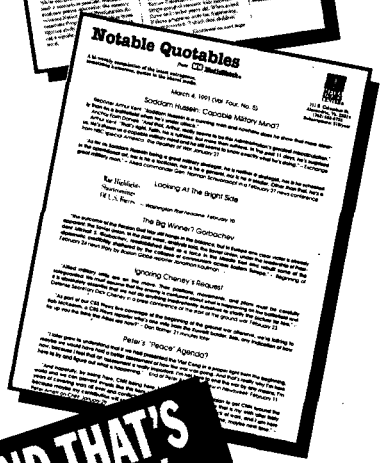

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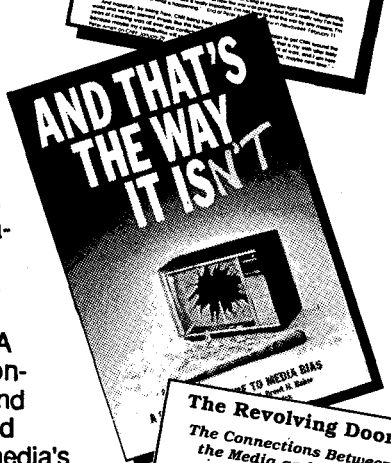

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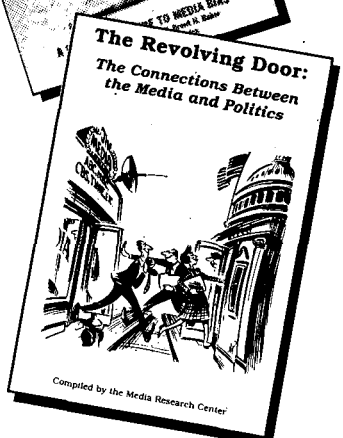

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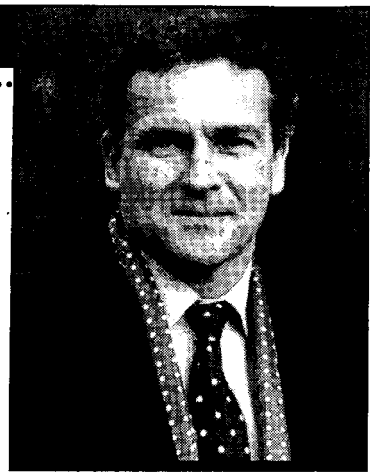

The University Left

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

That President-elect Bill Clinton's second wave of appointments was divvied out to the left is not simply a blunder. It is an indignity. Donna E. "Boom-Boom" (a nickname she does not abhor) Shalala, Laura D'Andrea Tyson, and Robert B. Reich are not simply drawn from the left. They are esteemed members of that dreadful American subculture of philistines and charlatans known as the university left. Most adult Americans have been very pleased to avoid these morbid people, except perhaps on football weekends. Now we are all in imminent danger of long-term exposure to such campus illnesses as political correctness, multiculturalism, and—in the place of learning—jargon, cant, and sexual hygiene.

In appraising Dr. Shalala's career as chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, no one has dared mention her learning or her scholarship, or even suggested she promoted learning and scholarship. Rather her colleagues praise her for being "very direct," a "whirling dervish," and "no shrinking violet." In other words, she is rude and uncouth. As chancellor she promoted one of those "speech codes" so popular at American universities despite their hostility to the First Amendment. Fortunately, federal and state courts regularly rule the codes unconstitutional.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

The University of Wisconsin code banned language adjudged by the local Thought Patrol as "demeaning" toward "race, sex, religion, color, creed, disability, sexual orientation, national ancestry, or age." Before being struck down by the courts, the code restricted language that might create a "hostile environment for education, university-related work or other university-authorized activities." Naturally, Dr. Shalala has grimly advocated affirmative action and described American society as "racist and sexist." Now as head of Health and Human Services, Dr. Shalala will administer an annual budget of $590 billion. That is 40 percent of the federal budget with a staff of 126,000 potential pests.

In the last two decades, as the university left has taken power throughout Academe, it has replaced intellectual freedom and intellectual rigor with blah. Said Dr. Shalala of her noble strivings alongside her patron, Hillary Clinton, "We have spent most of our adult lives often together working to get this nation to understand that our future is inextricably tied to the health, welfare, and education of our children and their families." Oh, what a hard sell that must be! If only the nation would comprehend those immensities. When the university left is not striking at the roots of freedom and intelligence it is raising the banal to the level of the heroic and the sacred.

Another characteristic of the university left is that on most of the great issues of the post–World War II era it has been thunderously wrong. Robert Reich, President-elect Clinton's appointee to head the Department of Labor, was an anti-war activist in the 1960s when he met another Clinton economic adviser, Ira Magaziner. Doubtless, Dr. Shalala was in this delusory movement, too. The anti-war activists believed that if the United States abandoned South Vietnam the Vietnamese would live in peace and democracy. Today Vietnam is one of the world's last Communist despotisms, with one of the world's largest armies and poorest populations.

But if the university left is not particularly devoted to scholarship or to learning (that being the odi-

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ous domain of the Dead White Males from Plato to Bertrand Russell) it is ardent for pronunciamentos, campaigns of New Age Uplift, and the kind of disingenuous confabulation that Mr. Clinton put on at his televised "economic conference" in mid-December. It was billed as a diverse gathering but in fact was only a gathering of Clinton supporters, some economically savvy and others economic charlatans. No one from the supply-side school of economic growth was there to explain how in the 1980s America achieved its longest peacetime record of economic growth. Nor were other free-marketeers in attendance.

Instead we had sham: a pretense to diverse views and high enlightenment. That is the essence of the university left's exclusion of dissent. I suspect this is what we shall see a great deal of in the next four years unless President Clinton frees himself of artifice and gives us straight talk and dignity. ❐

London Crawling

London

Mild apprehension flutters across the minds of even Britain's most urbane sages as 1992 drops off and 1993 commences. The Cold War is gone, but Londoners do not like what they hear from the Balkans, the Middle East, and Somalia. After enduring a long and supposedly severe economic drought, commentators tend to see "the green shoots" of economic revival, but what will that mean? The Royal Family's problems are out in the open. Now is to be the time of trials for the journalists who outed them. Or is it ? In London there are few confident prognostications this cold, damp winter.

One senses that a variety of changes are taking place here in the aftermath of the Cold War, but precisely what these changes might portend remains a mystery. I remember other earlier "changes." Most were boomed with great solemnity by heralds who also claimed to possess the most authoritative insight into the implications of each change. There was "Eurocommunism," whose implication was "Yankee, Go Home." There was the "Green Movement," whose implication was "Yankee, Go Home—and take your multinational corporations with you." And, of course, there was the great change from petty nationalism toward European Unity, the implication of which was that America's economic power was about to be dwarfed. Looking back on all these waves of change that never quite hit the shoreline, I think we can say with confidence that the more earth-shaking the change prophesied, the less likely it was that the change would ever materialize.

Of course, one of the changes that has accompanied the fall of the Berlin Wall and the withdrawal of the Red Army into penury and a non-Communist Russia is that it is ever harder for me to get a rise out of London's progressive intelligentsia. There was a time when I could totally poison the conviviality of a chic dinner party by quoting a trauma-inducing line from a Reagan speech. His evocation of the USSR as an "Evil Empire" could even empty a banquet hall during dessert. Absolutely no one in London now worries about imminent nuclear holocaust. Hence, a hawk such as myself can counsel aerial attacks on Serbian artillery and actually be considered a humanitarian rather than a bloodthirsty killer.

Nor can I rely on favorable references to capitalism to provoke the progressive's wrath. Progressives seem to have quietly abjured confidence in their old critique of capitalism. This explains why, though there is not much fondness for Margaret Thatcher's heir, Prime Minister John Major, there is no great swing toward Labour. Instead, there is in London the pervasive sense that Britain's weak economy is not responsive to any one nation or to any one set of policies. Rather, Britain's economy is seen as a cog in a weak world-wide economy, and will speed up when the world economy speeds up.

But change is affecting conservative opinion, too. The old faith in Thatcherite market economics has been shaken. Peregrine Worsthorne, erstwhile editor of London's *Sunday Telegraph*, has been a pillar of rectitude in British Conservative circles. His faith in untrammeled free-market economics has often been fraught with doubt, and other Tories of the Thatcherite habit of mind now side with him on behalf of tradition over market efficiency. Similar fissures can be seen in conservative foreign policy. Where once all were for intervention on behalf of democracy abroad, now there is doubt. Mrs. Thatcher has resolutely advocated military action in Yugoslavia; but in Parliament some of her supporters consider that action ill-advised. Some even doubt the wisdom of intervention in Somalia.

And so I see the London that I am about to depart as standing on the edge of change. How deep the changes might go I do not know. One possible change that I have not mentioned has to do with the monarchy. Most assume that the tabloids have aired all the dirty laundry that exists and now action will be taken in Parliament to restrict the press's sensationalism. My investigations this holiday season have left me with the conviction that the tabloids actually have even more unpleasant news for the Queen. They have locked away pictures and tapes of youthful Royals at play that might embarrass even a Hollywood producer. These pictures and tapes will probably appear in public, whatever fate awaits the tabloids. ❐

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A Girls' School in Baltimore

by Tom Bethell

The Laurence G. Paquin High School for Expectant Teenage Mothers is a bleak brick fortress in a desolate section of east Baltimore; a squiggle-painted, cinder-block, boarded-up-row-house, upside-down-sofas-on-the-sidewalk kind of a neighborhood, with drug lookouts wearing woolsox headgear posted at nearby corners. Paquin's student body is composed entirely of expectant mothers or teenagers who already have given birth, some of them twice. Almost all are black. Paquin has been in the news lately because Norplant will soon be dispensed free at the school's clinic. This is a new form of contraception, consisting of six capsules that are inserted under the skin on the underside of the upper arm. They release a hormone called progestin which blocks ovulation for up to five years. With the implant, a teenager doesn't have to worry about forgetting to take the pill.

The Paquin School is ghetto-proofed, a sign outside proclaiming it to be a Drug-Free School Zone. There are no windows at all on the ground floor, mere slits upstairs, and stadium lights suspended from the four corners of the building's roof. A phone outside the front and only entrance allows visitors to identify themselves and to be buzzed in if considered friendly. Inside, there were bright lights and Christmas tree decorations, wall slogans ("At the End of Broken Dreams You Need Someone, Us—the Paquin Family"), plaques, and a display case showing a satin-finished christening set for twins, made in the school's garment-making shop. There were framed letters from George and Barbara Bush and other dignitaries. "The play outfits for the grands [grandchildren] are just perfect," Mrs. Bush wrote, "and they will love them. ShonTae Farrare has done a wonderful job personalizing them." Girls in the inner city, and their offspring, have names like that now: ShonTae, Taniqua, Shaquira, Tamika, Tallisha, Tayesha.

Babies were crying softly in the background and young women wearing slacks and loose outfits were walking in the hall. Two or three were carrying plastic bassinets with babies. They have a whole Toddler Center, with cots and cribs and baby rattles and multicolored wall alphabets—Paquin University, it is called, with "an infant stimulation/learning program designed to promote an adaptive cognitive style." It can handle up to thirty infants and children, aged six weeks to six years. They were just finishing lunch, which the students and their babies have together in the cafeteria. The sign on the cafeteria wall read: "You Are the Apple of Our Eye. . . . So Hang On . . . Don't Drop Out." About 300 girls attend the school each semester, but I gather that few stay for more than a year.

As I waited to talk to the principal, Dr. Rosetta Stith, I copied down a cheerless message framed on the office wall: "Our school must be dedicated to being a change agent through activities that offer young school-age mothers a measure of stability, hope, and a sense of reality to deal with a world that is constantly torn between uncertainty, unrest, and violence."

The principal, Dr. Stith, fortyish with upswept silvery hair, was happy to talk and she mentioned all the media attention of the past two weeks—AP, UPI, *Newsweek*, Bettina Gregory of ABC News. Norplant is "just another form of birth control, like having another car to drive," Stith told me. She wanted me to know right off that the students are well warned that the implant does not protect against venereal and viral disease. But this they already know. When Karen de Witt of the *New York Times* visited a classroom of thirty pregnant girls at the school, and Stith asked them what did give protection, they chanted in unison: "Condom, condom, condom." A note of mockery here? They have been told over and over about birth control and condoms, they're all pregnant anyway, and now a new item has been added to the contraceptive menu.

The assumption underlying this latest weapon in the arsenal of the therapeutic state is that conception among inner-city blacks is largely accidental. *Washington Post* reporter Leon Dash questioned this in his 1989 book, *When Children Want Children*, based on months of research in the Washington ghetto. One 16-year-old, Tauscha Vaughn, said to him: "Mr. Dash, will you please stop asking me about birth control? Girls out here know all about birth control. There's too many birth control pills out here. All of them know about it. Even when they twelve, they know what it is. Girls out here get pregnant because they want to have babies."

Later in the book Dash claimed that the four pregnant teenagers in one family he interviewed "wanted children for a variety of reasons—to achieve something tangible, to prove something to their peers, to be considered an adult, to get their mother's attention, and to keep up with an older brother or sister." Another 16-year-old girl he met baited her virginal 18-year-old cousin as "barren" because she had not yet had a child.

Stith would have none of this wanted-child argument. She took at face value what the girls tell her in school—"You don't think it's going to happen to you, then one day you find you're pregnant," and so on. "It's not deliberate," Stith reassured me. She did

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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express some exasperation, though. "You have to have a driver's permit to drive, a voter's card to vote, but you don't have to have anything to be a parent." How about a marriage license, or an end to welfare? She does not accept that teenagers make cost/welfare-benefit analyses of childbearing, because the babies keep coming while the "public assistance grants have been decreasing." (Yet, according to the *New York Times*, she does believe that the welfare state fosters dependency, and that as a result young women in her school do not have to think about the consequences of pregnancy.)

She showed me around parts of the school. Everything was surprisingly quiet; it seemed to be an almost wholly female environment. There's a staff of forty—the school is a honey pot for social-service providers. According to the *Baltimore Sun*, the annual cost per pupil is over $9,000 per year, about double the cost of regular public schools in the city. Once a month there's a "workshop" for the fathers-to-be. I peered through a glass aperture into one classroom, and teenagers with infants on their laps were sitting around a conference table. But Stith kept me away from them.

She did take me to see the Paquin Entrepreneur Program. "Entre-pre-neur: a person who organizes, manages and assumes responsibility for a business or other enterprise," said the sign on the wall. The young mothers—two of whom were in the room, stitching away silently—learn how to use sewing machines and to make baby clothes. These can be for their own children or for a toddler line called Young Sensations (available at four area malls, Stith said). "This is an elective for them."

Like that of Washington, D.C., the population of Baltimore (735,000) has declined 25 percent from its 1950 peak. The city is now about 60 percent black. One in ten Baltimore girls aged 15 to 17 gave birth in 1990, and teenagers account for 23 percent of the city's births in 1991. Teenagers can become eligible for Aid to Families with Dependent Children when they have children themselves. About 112,000 mothers in Baltimore received AFDC in September 1992—86 percent of them black. The great majority also receive Food Stamps, and of course Medicaid.

It is probably true that in deciding whether to have further children, the young women do not make marginal calculations about AFDC payments. This merely means that incremental change in the welfare system—which is all that we are going to see in the current political climate—will make no difference. The liberal assumption that government aid "helps" people in proportion to the amount given is still largely intact. If this view prevails in policy debates, life in the inner city will deteriorate further.

The great problem at present is that unwed mothers on welfare, and the young men who impregnate them, are indirectly told that they do not have to be responsible for their behavior. Mothers on AFDC are called the "underclass" but they also constitute a privileged class—unloved but still privileged. The overall effect of the welfare state is less devastating to them than to the fathers. True there are not enough weddings and too many funerals, and the mothers live in chaotic extended families, but there are babies and in-laws, showers and christening parties, and the material essentials are provided for them. The young men are "deprived" at a more fundamental level, however. Their provider role is usurped by the state. Embittered, many take to a life of crime on the streets.

Here and there, liberals are showing signs of recognizing that all is not well in the cities, and Norplant is apparently their latest riposte. Unless I am mistaken, it is not going to make much of a dent. There is also a considerable irony here. Shortly after Norplant was approved by the FDA, in December 1990, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* stirred up controversy by publishing an editorial—"Poverty and Norplant: Can Contraception Reduce the Underclass?"—which suggested that welfare mothers should be offered incentives to use the device. This was immediately denounced as racist by both black and white members of the paper's news staff. In a letter to the editor, the president of the Philadelphia Association of Black Journalists attacked the editorial as a "tacit endorsement of slow genocide." A second, apologetic editorial followed, and the editorial page editor, David Boldt, said he "deeply regretted" the way the earlier editorial had linked race, poverty, and birth control. (He also complained to the *New York Times* about the "summonses from the thought police for violating the no-right-turn rule.")

Since then, however, the offensive editorial's recommendation has been quietly implemented. The implant is now covered by Medicaid in all fifty states. "In what some see as a troubling paradox," a writer noted in a recent unbylined *New York Times* news story, "truly poor women can get Norplant more easily than those who have modest incomes." This in turn "is stirring profound and troubling questions about personal rights and public policy." The paper, doubly troubled, failed to note what was so "troubling." No doubt it was that inner city women on Medicaid—black women, overwhelmingly—now really do have an incentive to use Norplant, whereas the working poor do not. A Norplant kit costs $365, and a private doctor may charge $500 to insert it. This is a lot more than the zero cost encountered by those on Medicaid.

"The thinking has changed," the author of the *Inquirer* editorial told me, referring to the new acceptability of Norplant incentives. The potential for controversy "depends on who says it, and who does it."

Early indications are that the inner cities are not about to be depopulated soon. About 500,000 women now use Norplant (up from 100,000 a year ago), but 61 percent of sales are to doctors in private practice. Foundations are also making them available to women not covered by Medicaid. According to the *Washington Post*, Planned Parenthood of Metropolitan Washington has found teenagers in the capital "reluctant to use Norplant because it is more complicated to reverse than other contraceptives and because it is visible under the skin." "I've heard it can give you cancer," Paquin student Quadrine Kelly, six months pregnant, told Karen de Witt.

The Paquin students go home at 3:00 p.m. I watched about a hundred of them filing out of the front door, many of them boarding a Baltimore mass transit bus outside. Sad to say, for most of the young women the bloom was already off the rose. Many were overweight, and they looked older than one might have expected. Down the road, on North Avenue, young men in army surplus jackets were filing out of the Eastside District Court just as their sisters were leaving the school. ❐

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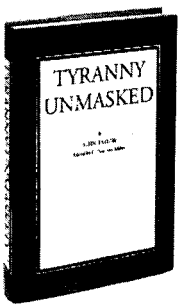
TYRANNY UNMASKED



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P.J. O'Rourke

Brickbats and Broomsticks

Welcoming remarks from our Master of Ceremonies, delivered before 400 writers, readers, and supporters at Washington's Capital Hilton on December 2, 1992.

We are here tonight to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of *The American Spectator*—the magazine, the men and women, the way of life.

But we are also here to celebrate something else—our return to political opposition. Let's be honest with ourselves. What a relief to be on the attack again. No more gentle sparring with the Administration. No more striking with the flat of our sword. No more firing blanks. Ladies and gentlemen, we have game in our sights. Clinton may be a disaster for the rest of the nation, but he is meat on our table.

What a joy to be able to turn to the helmsman of our good ship *Spectator* and say, "Captain Bob, bring the guns down to deck level and load with grapeshot."

So stand warned, Boy Clinton . . . Mr. Bill . . . Wet Willie . . . You and your "Presidential Partner" . . . President Clinton and First Person Hillary . . . Pudge and Ruffles. (If the Fathers of the Christian church had known these two, divorce would not only be permitted, it would be a sacrament.) Anyway, stand warned the pair of you. We're going to laugh you out of office. We did it to the Carters and we'll do it to you.

So we're here tonight not just to congratulate ourselves for writing and reading and founding and editing and—most important—contributing lots of money to *The American Spectator*. We are also here to work ourselves into a delicious battle frenzy. Let us take our text from that great paean to individual rights, *Animal House*. I quote the ultimate paleoconservative hero, Bluto, as played by John Belushi: "Take no prisoners!"

You know, some people think we lost this election. *We* didn't lose it. Some people we know . . . people we like personally . . . people whose politics we can just barely tolerate . . . *They* lost this election. We've been in opposition for four years already. And opposition is where we belong. Being opposed to government is what defines true conservatism. We know that government doesn't work even when the most brilliant people in the world—us—run it. We know government is an ineffective and morally unacceptable means of delivering life's benefits.

Clinton doesn't know this. Clinton thinks Americans can vote themselves richer, vote themselves smarter, vote themselves taller. He probably thinks some inches can be voted off his own waistline.

We know people have free will and responsibility for their own actions. Clinton thinks people are victims. Victims of a Republican Administration—you remember how George Bush liked to sneak out of the White House at night and sell crack and get teenage girls pregnant.

We believe in God. Clinton believes in going to church. And Clinton's staff believes that 12-step programs are the only way that God manifests himself in the modern world.

We believe in freedom and we know that there is no freedom without economic liberty. Clinton has never had a real job in his life. And won't have another after 1996.

The Clinton people like to say that they are "non-ideological." Let me translate. It means that they don't know right from wrong. The Clinton people claim to be "pragmatists." And I agree. Because pragmatism is a fancy term for "don't know *can't* from *shouldn't*."

Well, the American voters elected Clinton. But one of the many good things about being conservatives is that we never have to feel betrayed by the common people. Sure, they voted for Clinton—that's what made them so common.

Another great advantage of conservatism is that we don't have to fill this

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evening with sanctimonious twaddle and self-righteous blather. Think of the dreadful dinners that liberals will be sitting through for the next four years . . . Yes, welcome to the 1990s. Let us all salute (and be sensitive to the needs of) the shiftless, the feckless, the senseless, the worthwhileness-impaired, the decency-challenged, and the differently moraled. And hello to their leaders—progressive, committed, and filled to the nose holes with enormous esteem for themselves.

But that's their problem. Our problem, on *The American Spectator*'s silver anniversary, is to lead the straying nation. To lead our straying nation, not forward—we're conservatives—but back. Back to that lost golden age of yore—the eighties.

The eighties, when Communist dictators were losing their jobs, not presidents of American and General Motors. When Bill Clinton was only a microscopic polyp in the colon of American politics and Hillary was still in flight school—hadn't even soloed on her broom. Back when health care was a tummy tuck, not an unalienable right. When, if you wanted a better environment, you went to Laura Ashley. When sleeping with the President meant you'd attended a cabinet meeting.

Let us return to that glad epoch when we knew the proper order of words in our language—"free alcohol" not "alcohol-free." When we preferred a Shining City on a Hill to a whining Hill all over Clarence Thomas. When the Malcolm who mattered was Forbes. When tax cuts were in bloom. And Clinton was in Flowers.

N.B. and Author Plug: The above remarks were adapted, in part, from a rueful preface that Mr. O'Rourke wrote for a new edition of his book Bachelor Home Companion *(due out this spring from Atlantic Monthly Press).* Companion *was originally published during the Reagan Administration.*

"Wasn't that a grand time?" says Mr. O'Rourke. "Cash grew on trees or, anyway, coca bushes. The rich roamed the land in vast herds hunted by proud, free tribes of investment bankers who lived a simple life in tune with money. Every wristwatch was a Rolex. Every car was a Mercedes-Benz. A fellow could romance a gal without having to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent. And I actually was *a bachelor."* ❐

Scenes and Speeches

. . . one of the most memorable events in Washington since Andy Jackson reportedly invited horses into the White House.

—Richard Scaife

Richard Carlson and R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

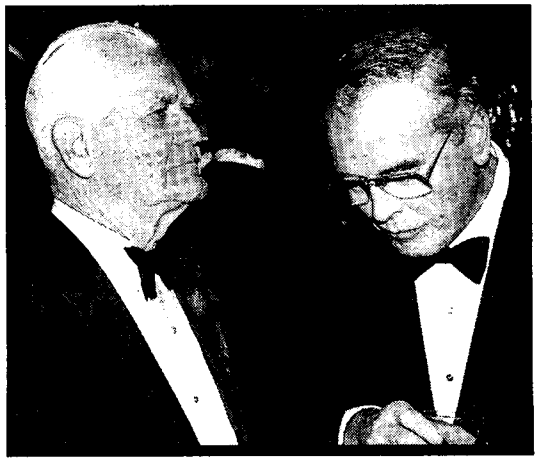
At the twentieth anniversary dinner of *The American Spectator* five years ago, Midge Decter spoke. As always she was thoughtful, but for once I find myself in disagreement with Midge. She ended her speech with: "I am here to celebrate tonight, to celebrate this twenty-year-old magazine at the full height of its powers." I submit that *The American Spectator* was not at the full height of its powers in 1987, and I submit that despite all of the recent successes, it is not even at the full height of its powers today.

—Baron Von Kannon

Pete du Pont

I think the President wants to do the right thing. There's going to be a huge amount of pressure—public pressure, and some private pressure—for him not to do the right thing, on grounds that he will take such a political battering or raise questions about his own credibility. I do think people in this room and elsewhere could make a difference if they strongly make the case and coherently make the arguments for pardoning all those who have been the victims of the undue process of the Iran-contra Independent Counsel. Once this is done, I think we can leave office in good cheer.

—William Kristol



Gen. William Westmoreland and Richard Larry

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Thomas Mallon and Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

To call *The American Spectator* irreverent is to say not nearly enough. . . . From an editorial standpoint, for the next four years, Bob Tyrrell's going to feel like Perry White at the *Daily Planet*, with Lex Luther in town and Superman nowhere in sight.

—Christopher Cox

Joshua Muravchik

Stuart Reid and Allen Taylor

Let me introduce tonight a thought that has only been expressed so far by my friend Bill Kristol, and that is: We are winning. We are not the opposition party. We are the governing ideas of the majority not only of the American people but of the world. Bill Clinton, bless his heart, won talking about empowerment, talking about limitations on the growth of government, talking about privatization, talking about enterprise zones. I don't know what he'll do about capital gains, but as Jesse Jackson said, "You can't have capitalism without capital." And that idea ultimately is going to prevail, be it in this administration or the next.

—Jack Kemp

Andrew Ferguson, Ellen Ladowsky, Daniel Casse, John Podhoretz, and Denise Ferguson

Jack Kemp and William Kristol

Mona Charen, Richard Brookhiser, and Edward Capano

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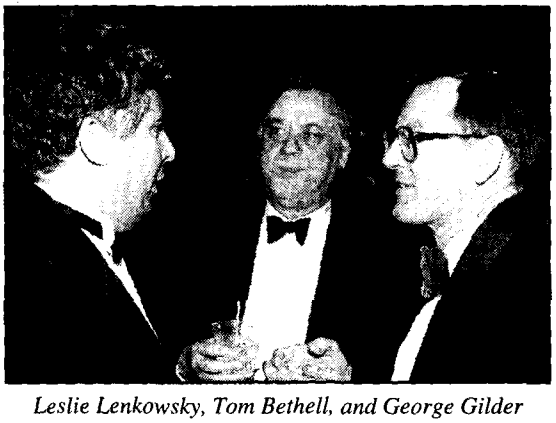
Ben Wattenberg

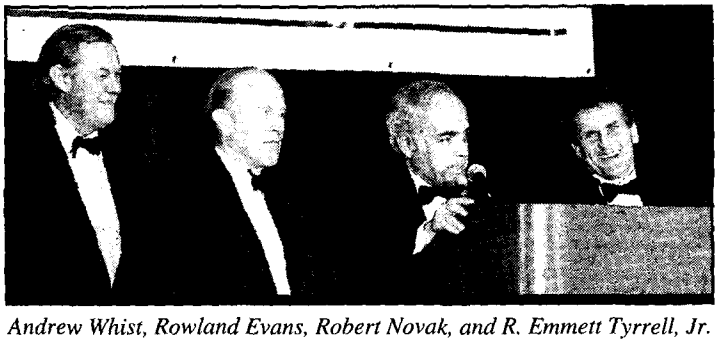
The largest-circulated Washington-based opinion magazine is . . . now the 25-year-old *American Spectator.*

—Ronald E. Burr

Sen. John McCain and Amy Lumet



Leslie Lenkowsky, Tom Bethell, and George Gilder



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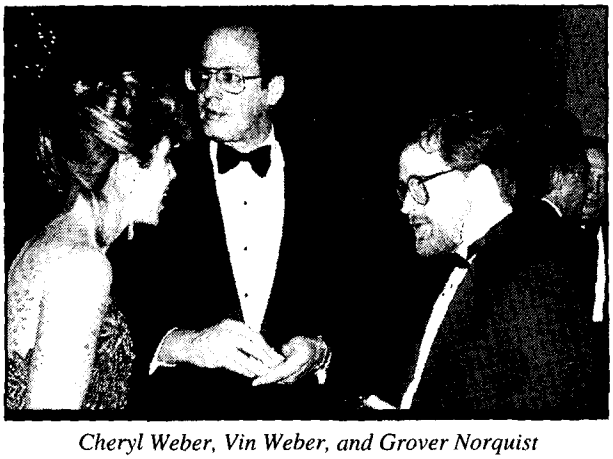
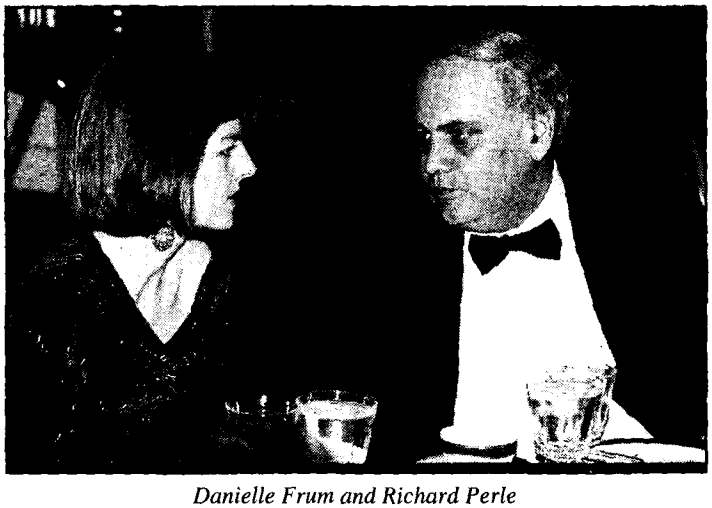


Cheryl Weber, Vin Weber, and Grover Norquist



Danielle Frum and Richard Perle

Christopher Caldwell and Zelda Novak

Only in the White House can they call me Pierre. To the rest of you, I'm Pete. . . . It's not the leadership of the wrong majority that's about to take up residence in the White House, it's rather the new leadership of what I would call the persistent minority. And the persistent minority consists of all those interests whose desires for particular outcomes lead them to violate the majority's desire for a nation ordered as our forefathers would have ordered it, with small government, individual initiative, and a market economy. America seldom has the problem of the wrong majority, but we often have the problem of an underpowered majority. And as we prepare for winter and the new President—or should I say the winter *of* our new President—we find ourselves again the members of an underpowered majority.

—Pete du Pont

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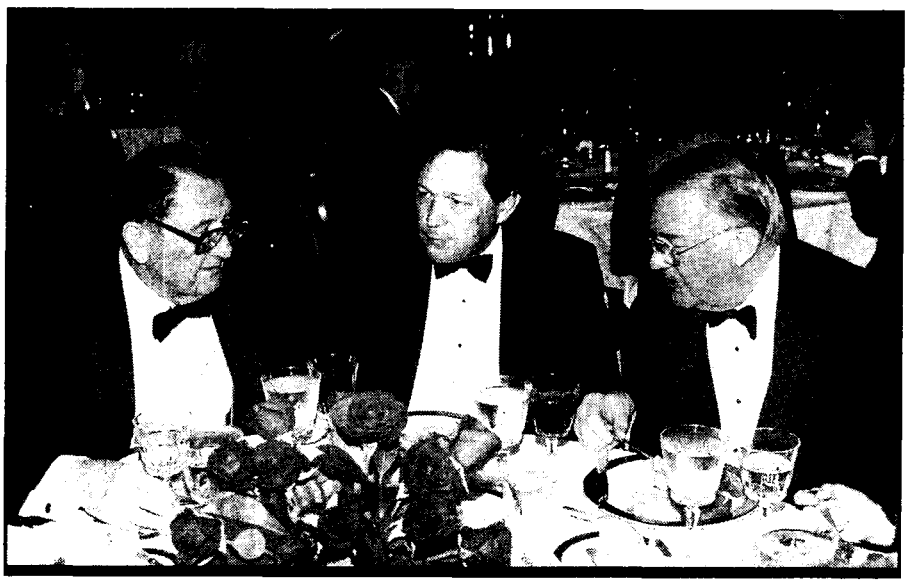
I think about Mark Twain's reporting that he greatly enjoyed reading Webster's dictionary, that he spent quite a lot of time doing just that. It was a great achievement, he said. There was only one problem: try as he might, he could not see the plot. Well, I think that's where I am, for one, today. I don't really see the plot, and for the last half-century I've grown accustomed to a great drama in which the plot was clear, the characters were clear, and the strategy and the tactics were clear. And so I've been thinking hard about how to make sense of it all. But then, invited to this dinner tonight, I decided I really didn't have to think so hard, because I'm sure *The American Spectator* will tell us what the plot is. They'll find it and they'll communicate it in that inestimable prose. Bob Tyrrell, I think, was born knowing the plot.

—Jeane Kirkpatrick

Dinner Chairman Richard Scaife



Amb. Edward Rowny, Wesley Pruden, and Edwin Meese

John ("Baron") Von Kannon

Herbert Stein

Rep. Christopher Cox

TELEGRAMS...

When I entered politics, a few years before most of you were born, we didn't have a monthly magazine like *The American Spectator* to offer fresh and witty discussions and lively debate on current issues. . . . It bucked me up to have you around when I was in Washington and it cheers me up to have you to look forward to out here in California. Drop me a line on your fiftieth anniversary.

—Ronald Reagan

As one who has enthusiastically read *The American Spectator* for years, I am delighted to extend my warmest congratulations to Bob Tyrrell and everyone celebrating its Twenty-Fifth Anniversary. . . . *The American Spectator* has truly become an American institution.

—Richard Nixon

The last time you held a party I was in Afghanistan with a group of people who hadn't quite heard of *The American Spectator* but approved heartily of its editorial views of the Soviet Union. This time I'm in Hong Kong, where Gordon Crovitz and I are trying to work out a similar early retirement program for Mr. Deng Xiaoping & Co. Of course, the optimists note that the new Party Constitution is more pro-market than the Democratic Party platform, so maybe we're in better shape than you folks are.

—William McGurn

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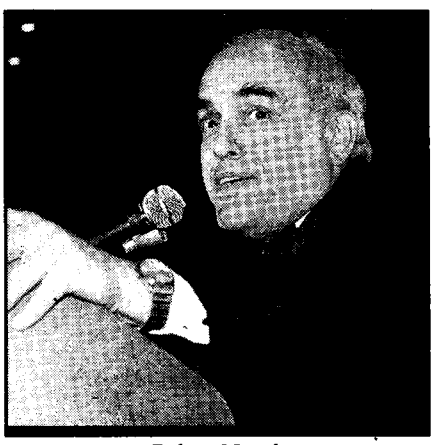
Ronald E. Burr



Robert Novak

Jack Kemp

Evans & Tyrrell

The accident of Ben's bronchitis brings to this microphone the only person in this room who doesn't know what a conservative is, and who isn't sure whether he is one or not. That of course gives me a special license, as the only person here who can testify that you don't have to be a conservative to admire and appreciate *The American Spectator*. As I have gotten old, I am more and more impressed with the dictum of Vladimir Nabokov, who said, "Style and structure are the essence of a book. Great ideas are hogwash." I think that also applies to magazines of opinion. So when I think of *The American Spectator*, I think of style, I think of the fact that it is humorous, literate, varied, that it doesn't beat a subject to death, and that there are occasional traces of modesty, and even self-doubt—although I can't at the moment think of one.

—Herbert Stein

Terry Eastland

Jeane Kirkpatrick

Sharon and Emanuel McLittle

We've gone now for twelve years of listening to liberal Democrats and the liberals whine about how someone stole the election from them. Someone stole the election in 1980, someone stole the election in 1984, someone stole the election in 1988, and I want to tell you, I'm starting to hear some Republicans and conservatives say someone stole the election from us in 1992. Well, I don't want to hear any more of that whining. I want to find out who that guy was who stole the election from us, and I want to go up and shake his hand and thank him: it was about time someone stole the election from us after the last four years. If I had to go through four more years of that miasmic confusion and ideology, I think I would have gone bonkers.

—R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

P.J. O'Rourke calls it a night.

Photos by Wallace F. Rollins

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Revolt in Queens

A New York City plan to teach first-graders about homosexuality has led parents from all ethnic groups to rise up against School Chancellor Joseph Fernandez and his bureaucrats.

by William Tucker

All of the following are from educational materials now being distributed to children in the New York City public school system:

The Teenager's Bill of Rights:
I Have the Right to Decide Whether To Have Sex and Who to Have It With.
I Have the Right to Use Protection When I Have Sex.
I Have the Right to Buy and Use Condoms.

Condoms can be sexy! They come in different colors, sizes, flavors, and styles to be more fun for you and your partner. You can put them on together. Shop around till you find the type you like best. Be creative and be safe. . . . Guys can get used to the feel of condoms while masturbating.

SUCKING: A lot of guys still enjoy sucking and getting sucked. The biggest risk from sucking is getting cum in the mouth. The only way to be totally safe is to lick only the shaft or to use a condom.

TOYS (dildos, butt plugs, etc.) are fun. Don't share toys. Clean them with lots of soap and water after each use.

WATER SPORTS and scat are fine. Don't let anyone's p--s or s--t get inside your body.

When the *New York Post* recently ran a cartoon portraying School Chancellor Joseph Fernandez as a dirty old man hawking pornographic books to little children in the park, it came close to describing the sense of desperation felt by most city parents.

William Tucker is The American Spectator*'s New York correspondent.*

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The problems arose out of something called "Children of the Rainbow," an effort by the city and state educational establishment to persuade New York's many tribal and ethnic groups to live together in peace and harmony. While it seemed benign to educational bureaucrats, to a locally elected school board in Middle Village, Queens, and to a growing chorus of parents, it was the ultimate outrage—the virtual sexual molestation of children barely old enough to read. And while the educators made a yeoman effort to characterize the debate as one of "minority rights," in fact it was New York's "people of color" who were among the most outraged. Fernandez, brought in three years ago as a skillful bureaucrat who would address minority concerns, was being pilloried on all sides as an autocrat with no understanding of *anyone's* concerns.

But that is getting ahead of our story. Before we begin, it might be worth noting why New York's educational establishment might be inclined to teach the ins and outs of homosexuality to first-graders.

In no other state is the general population more under the thumb of its educational bureaucracy (although California is catching up). Every year, Billy House, a reporter in Gannett's Albany bureau, pulls together a list of the New York state officials who make more money than Governor Mario Cuomo, who at $130,000 is himself the nation's highest paid governor. This year, sixty-six public officials made more than Cuomo. Of these, thirty-nine were educational bureaucrats, most of them in the sprawling State University of New York. Of the first fifteen people on the list, the only ones that are not deans or professors at the state universities are Harold Langlitz, director of the Teachers' Retirement System ($180,000), and Stanley Brazenoff, executive director of the Port Authority of New York ($170,000).

The report complained of the "arrogance" of white students and said the object of the curriculum would be to raise the self-esteem of minority students and lower *the self-esteem of non-minorities.*

And these are only *state* officials. Locally, things are as bad, if not worse. Joseph Fernandez, New York City's chancellor of schools since 1990, makes $195,000—yet even he is not the highest paid local school official. That honor goes to Edward J. Murphy, superintendent of the vocational school system in Eastern Long Island. Murphy made news recently when he announced his retirement from his $200,000-a-year position—and was promptly awarded a $960,000 retirement package by his local board. This included a $100,000 "retirement incentive," plus $860,000 in back pay he had accumulated by working most of his ninety paid vacation days a year. Murphy was also seeking to incorporate his retirement package into his pension formula, which would allow him to retire on an annual pension payment of $300,000 a year.

Nor was Murphy the only vocational educator in that range. The special educational districts—called Boards of Cooperative Educational Services (BOCES)—operate in a gray area between state and county governments that allow most administrators to collect two salaries (state and local) with very little public oversight. Of thirty-seven BOCES superintendents in New York, twenty-six make over $100,000 and six make over $125,000. Ordinary superintendents generally make between $95,000 and $120,000. This follows a pattern found nationally in the teachers' unions, where vocational educators form a powerful rump faction (20 percent of membership) and are extremely powerful at shaping union policies and manipulating federal and state programs to their advantage—proof of the theorem that those who have the least challenging jobs have the most time to spend on union activities.

In a state where public employment is exceptionally common and remunerative (the number of public employees per capita in New York City is more than triple the national average), school bureaucrats stand head-and-shoulders above the crowd. Albert Shanker, who represents another wing of the school bureaucracy, delights in pointing out that New York state, with a population one-tenth the size of Western Europe, has almost one-and-a-half times as many public school administrators.

So how did the Rainbow effort get started? After incidents in which blacks were killed by white gangs in Howard Beach and Bensonhurst, the New York State Department of Education in 1989 decided to introduce a "multicultural curriculum" as a way of reducing racial tensions. At least, that's the public version; school bureaucrats are of course imposing multiculturalism on disaffected parents everywhere. Be that as it may, there was in New York at least a reasonable rationale for multicultural reform.

Some of the groundwork had already been laid by Dr. Thomas Sobol, the $131,000-a-year state commissioner of education, a man well known for groveling before black audiences. (He once apologized to an NAACP group for "standing before you as a white male"; they booed him anyway.) In 1987, Sobol appointed a Task Force on Minorities to find out why minority students do poorly in the school system. Chairing the committee was Dr. Asa Hilliard, professor of black studies at Emory University and a pioneer of Afrocentrism.[1] Also sitting on the committee was Dr. Leonard Jeffries of City University of New York, originator of the "sun people/ice people" theory of black supremacy, noted more recently for his anti-Semitism.

The minority task force produced a report entitled "A Curriculum of Inclusion," which argued that "African Americans, Asian Americans, Puerto Ricans/Latinos, and

[1]See my article "Black Family Agonistes" (*TAS*, July 1984), which reported a speech that Hilliard gave to the NAACP/Urban League Black Family Summit in Nashville. Hilliard told the gathering that the movie *E.T.* represented an "Afrocentric Transformation," because E.T. "integrated the white neighborhood, but always knew he wanted to go home."

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Native Americans have all been the victims of an intellectual and educational oppression that has characterized the culture and institutions of the United States and the European American World for centuries." The report also complained of the "arrogance" of white students and said the object of the curriculum would be to raise the self-esteem of minority students and *lower* the self-esteem of non-minorities. The report created a small furor, but Sobol—who if nothing else is a clever bureaucrat—mildly disavowed it while appointing another committee to start imposing it.

New York City, as it happened, had been dickering over a multicultural effort under chancellor Richard Green since 1985. When Green died of an asthma attack in 1989 and Fernandez arrived from Miami to take over, the program lurched ahead. But then an even greater crisis presented itself to Fernandez: AIDS. As a liberal scholar, Fernandez saw only one solution: condoms. Mayor Dinkins offered his support.

The New York City Board of Education is one of those antiquated, unrepresentative bodies that remains in place only because the ACLU and the courts haven't yet gotten around to declaring it unconstitutional. It is made up of seven members, one appointed by each of the five borough presidents and two appointed by the Mayor. The mayor's appointees (both black) and the representatives of the Bronx and Manhattan (both Hispanic) lined up behind Fernandez. The representatives of Queens, Brooklyn, and Staten Island (all white) opposed. After a bitter series of public hearings, the condom measure was adopted 4-3.

"Anyone who attended the hearings in the Hall of the Board of Education and heard the loud hissing when speakers used the words 'family,' 'marriage,' 'man and woman,' and 'children,' would agree that there are strong forces in this City opposed to the family."

Notable, however, was the emergence of Brooklyn representative Irene Impellizzeri as the leader of the "conservative" faction. She has since won over the entire board by sheer intellectual brilliance. In May, Impellizzeri gave a speech to the Cathedral Club of New York that may eventually stand as a turning point in New York's cultural wars. A former public school teacher and dean at the City University, Impellizzeri almost seemed like someone out of another century:

> In the City where we work, there is little or no community anymore. There is aggregation—the forming of groups. And the difference is profound. Communities have consciences. Aggregations have programs. Communities work by civility. Aggregations get their way by stridency. . . . The fundamental difference between a community and an aggregation is really the difference between what is in one's *interest* and what one *desires*—between one's hopes and one's appetites.

During one school board meeting, a subversive teacher had slipped Impellizzeri a copy of the New York City Department of Health pamphlet "Teens Have the Right," which was already being distributed in the high schools (and from which the first two quotes at the beginning of this article are taken). Even more graphic literature from the Gay Men's Health Crisis (also quoted) came to the Board's attention when it was carried to board headquarters by an alarmed custodian.

Instead of simply railing against the pornographic aspects of the literature, however, Impellizzeri addressed the issue thus:

> Self-discipline is not an instinct; it is learned from adults, sometimes subconsciously, sometimes painfully. Even when learned in childhood, it often falters in adolescence, when desire takes on new forms and an anarchic intensity, and when the young brain is awash with hormones and with the erotic imagery of popular culture. The adult who tells an adolescent "You have the *right* to obey your impulses" is guilty of treachery to the adolescent as well as to the community. . . .
>
> [The problems of indiscipline] may not seem so pressing to the rich, who have a long way to slide, though not as long a way as they may think. But if the children of the poor are taught that they need not be constrained by the social order and its civilities and its prudential demands; that they have the *right*—unearned—to set their own standards, or no standards at all; that they are mysteriously able to "think for themselves" without serving any apprenticeship to reality, without in fact learning to think—as distinct from feel or want—they will never, never escape poverty. . . .
>
> The underclass is not really a class so much as a caste; it has its own way of life; it has the strange cultural property of reducing members' desire to escape. . . . If we accept youngsters' feckless or undisciplined behavior on the grounds that it cannot really be prevented—"You know they're going to do it anyway"—we objectively (as the Marxists used to say) push them towards the underclass.

Impellizzeri pointed to the link between family values and upward social mobility, the disintegration of the family among the underclass, and the emergence—particularly among underclass blacks and rich whites—of cultural nihilism and a stark hostility to the very institution of the family:

> At no time have I been more aware of the danger to the family than during the episodes last year on the condom distribution policy that constituted what the media describe as the most bitter battle in the history of the City's public schools.
>
> Anyone who attended the hearings in the Hall of the Board of Education and heard the loud hissing when speakers used the words "family," "marriage," "man and woman," and "children," would agree that there are strong forces in this City opposed to the family.

Anyone might have thought that to hear such common sense being spoken in the public arena, especially in New York City, would have produced at least a momentary awed silence. The effect, however, was the opposite. There was a

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loud clamor in the newspapers that Impellizzeri should be removed from office. Interestingly enough, though—a hint of things to come—her efforts won over the support of Ninfa Segarra, the Bronx representative. The new conservative majority on the board was quickly dubbed by the newspapers as the "Gang of Four."

So things stood last spring when Chancellor Fernandez rolled out the city board of education's own multicultural effort, "Children of the Rainbow." "Children of the Rainbow" was for the most part fairly innocuous. Devoid of any of Hilliard's or Jeffries's blusterings about black supremacy (Hilliard was named an adviser but did not make the commute from Atlanta), "Children of the Rainbow" is a benign series of classroom games and activities designed to introduce children to other cultures.

Moreover, the whole effort was given a tone of absurdity in that the curriculum guide's first volume—aimed only at the first grade—ran to 472 pages. "How many curriculums like this have we seen come by?" William E. Ubinas, superintendent of District 1 on the Lower East Side, told the *New York Times*. "They put it on the shelf and nothing happens. You have to understand how this works."

At the classroom level, "Children of the Rainbow" probably would have made little difference—except for one thing. At the request of the Gay and Lesbian Teacher's Association, a portion on "alternate families" was turned over to a single Bronx first-grade teacher, who wrote a 15-page section called "Fostering Positive Attitudes Toward Sexuality":

> Many children have lesbian/gay relatives. According to statistics, at least 10 percent of each class will grow up to be homosexual. . . . Teachers of first graders have an opportunity to give children a healthy sense of identity at an early age. Classes should include reference to lesbians/gay people in all curricular areas. . . . If teachers do not discuss lesbian/gay issues, they are not likely to come up. . . . Educators have the potential to help increase the tolerance and acceptance of the lesbian/gay community and to decrease the staggering number of hate crimes perpetrated against them.

The curriculum guide encourages teachers to introduce first-graders to "different kinds of families" and recommends three titles—*Heather Has Two Mommies* (which explains artificial insemination), *Daddy's Roommate*, and *Gloria Goes to Gay Pride*—for the first-grade reading list. Fernandez, who later admitted he hadn't read the curriculum, took a personal stand on the issue. "Every time I read about a gay-bashing or some homosexual being beaten up, I feel the schools are partly responsible because we haven't taught tolerance to our children."[2]

What Fernandez and the bureaucracy did not take into account was that parents might feel some alarm about having their children introduced to the fundamentals of homosexuality—not on any grounds of prejudice, but on the simple observation that acceptance of homosexuality as just another "alternate lifestyle" might tend to make them more accepting of homosexual impulses in themselves. These underlying anxieties are summarized nicely by E. L. Pattullo, former director of the Center for Behavioral Sciences at Harvard, in an article in December's *Commentary*:

> It is a good bet that substantial numbers of children have the capacity to grow in either [a homosexual or heterosexual] direction. Such young waverers, who until now have been raised in an environment overwhelmingly biased toward heterosexuality, might succumb to the temptations of homosexuality in a social climate that was entirely evenhanded in its treatment of the two orientations.
>
> Hence, to the extent that society has an interest both in reproducing itself and in strengthening the institution of the family—and to the extent that parents have an interest in reducing the risk that their children will become homosexual—there is warrant for resisting the movement to abolish all societal distinctions between homosexual and heterosexual. . . .
>
> It is indubitable . . . that skin color and gender are genetically determined, whereas it is certain that—often, if not always—the postnatal environment influences sexual orientation. Until we know otherwise, we must assume that our conscious attitudes and behavior toward homosexuality play a part in this process.

And parents who had doubts about the ultimate intent of the curriculum might find them reinforced in "Kids 'R' Us," an article in the *Village Voice* by lesbian columnist Donna Minkowitz:

> I'm much more comfortable with the notion of "recruiting" than I am with the guesstimate that restricts same-sex passion to a fixed percentage of the population. . . . In a world without the heterosexual imperative, maybe kids would try on different forms of sexuality as they now try on musical styles, career choices, and haircuts. It must be this vista of infinite sexual possibilities beyond the exigencies of procreation that scares the family-values posse more than anything.

The curriculum met with a certain resistance, even among teachers and administrators. Some districts adopted the curriculum with notification that they were eliminating the offending pages—a viable option. In other districts, the pages mysteriously disappeared before or after the volume had been filed on the shelf. In District 24, in Middle Village, Queens, however, the school board decided to take a stand. It was here, on the playing fields of Middle Village, that the battle of parents against the bureaucracy was finally joined.

The community school boards themselves are an ironically appropriate battlefield. Created under Mayor John Lindsay in an effort at "decentralization," New York's thirty-one community school boards are given—in theory—complete control over the curriculum in New York's elementary and junior high schools. The central school board controls finance, but has complete jurisdiction only over the high schools.

In practice, community school boards have tended to be

[2]Note: the term "gay-bashing" is often used by homosexual advocates to include verbal abuse, or just saying anything negative about homosexuals or homosexuality.

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BUREAUCRACY AGAINST EDUCATION

In their pathbreaking *Politics, Markets, and American Schools* (1990), John Chubb and Terry Moe argued that the depressing state of America's public schools is the inevitable result of centralization. Decision-making has been transferred to school bureaucrats, who impose decisions from the top down, with no consumer choice. In some districts—mostly suburbs—this process can be democratic: Citizens elect school boards, which have some control of teachers and administrative officials—although these sometimes-tenured officials are often immune to pressures from the public.

In the cities, however, school administrators are quite remote from the people. They are much more tied into schools of education, with their academic fads and oppressive political correctness, which sees a threat to the Republic if some rural schoolhouse bans *Catcher in the Rye*, but believes that whole future generations will live in ignorance if somebody says Columbus discovered America.

The point of winning school board elections—or electing mayors to put school board members in place—is to get your agenda into the schools. In Texas, for example, *every hour of every school day* is dictated by curriculum demands from the state legislature. Teachers, who are closer to parents and students—and more concerned with education—tend to ignore these directives. Since there is a whole civilization of administrators whose job is to make sure teachers do what other people tell them, teachers take shelter in the unions, which devise union rules that say teachers don't have to do what administrators would otherwise demand.

The result—as Chubb and Moe document—is a stand-off that is

> inherently destructive of school autonomy. Whatever the technological and intellectual arguments against bureaucracy may be and however frustrated people from all walks of life may be with the unworkable constraints under which schools are forced to operate, virtually all are driven to pursue their own goals by adding to the bureaucracy problem. . . . A world of autonomous schools would be a world without educational bureaucrats.

By "a world of autonomous schools," Chubb and Moe mean a world in which the government provides parents with the means to send their children to whatever school they choose—public or private.

—WT

centers of corruption. Electoral participation is light and local political machines have often won control. Fernandez has already suspended two local school boards for financial mismanagement.

In some ways, the nine-member Queens board seemed equally unrepresentative. Although the district is half Hispanic, the board members are all non-Hispanic ethnic Catholics with numerous family ties to the parochial schools. Mary Cummins, the 61-year-old grandmother who is board chairman, confronted Fernandez and the curriculum head on. Citing surveys by the National Academy of Sciences and the National Science Foundation, she noted:

> The truth is that gays and lesbians represent about 1.6 percent to 3.3 percent of the population of the U.S. . . . We are not going to teach our children to treat all types of human behavior as equally safe, wholesome, or acceptable. On the contrary, we are going to teach them that they should never engage in conduct that would cause harm to others or to themselves. Among other things, this means we will teach them that it is extremely dangerous to engage in IV abuse, and when it is age-appropriate we will also teach them that it is extremely dangerous to engage in anal intercourse.

Cummins accused both Dinkins and Fernandez of promoting the idea that sodomy is acceptable while virginity is weird: "We will continue to present our established multicultural education program, using unslanted materials of our own choice, rather than this disgraceful propaganda tract you are trying to jam down our throats." District 24 rejected the Rainbow curriculum and wrote letters to the other thirty districts, alerting them to the nature of the material buried in the curriculum and encouraging them to do the same.

For its efforts, District 24 won a demonstration by the Lesbian Avengers in front of one of its elementary schools. It was also pilloried in the press. Most vituperative was *Newsday*, a Long Island tabloid that has been trying to penetrate Queens and Brooklyn with its color graphics and shrill editorial style. *Newsday* has more delusions than most other New York newspapers. While the *New York Times* applauds liberal causes politely like spectators at a tennis match, *Newsday* is all cheerleaders and marching bands. "People With AIDS Can Do More Than Just Die" proclaimed one recent front-page headline above a story that one of New York's AIDS victims had graduated at the top of his class from law school.

In May, *Newsday* "broke" the story that District 24 was resisting the curriculum. Typically, the newspaper started arguing that the District 24 board did not reflect community opinion. Digging up a few disgruntled opponents, *Newsday* declared that opposition to the curriculum was being railroaded through the district by a circle of narrow-minded partisans. "There was no disagreement. No discussion. Just a unanimous vote, nine board members who apparently all agree that the guide contained inappropriate reference for first grade students," wrote Liz Willen, both reporting and editorializing on the subject. "It may be hard to believe such cohesiveness can exist in a district of 17,000 students. . . .

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Funny how democracy and free discussion manages to prevail."

(Both Impellizzeri and Cummins declined to be interviewed by *The American Spectator* for this story. Their aides expressed open skepticism that there was any newspaper or magazine in the country willing to report their point of view objectively or sympathetically.)

Chancellor Fernandez, who seemed to have convinced himself that he represents the Hispanic community, took his cue. Arguing that School Board 24 was a small coterie of unrepresentative members, Fernandez suspended the board and appointed three school bureaucrats as trustees to run the district and immediately implement the curriculum. The job titles of these trustees tell all anyone needs to know about how the schools are run. They are: "Chief Executive for Monitoring and School Improvement," "Executive Director of the Division of Instruction and Professional Development," and "Deputy Executive Director of the Division of Funded Programs." Each makes more than $100,000 a year.

It soon became obvious that Fernandez had underestimated the depth of the opposition. As word of the real nature of the curriculum got around, the argument was reopened with violent intensity in district after district. To the bureaucracy's surprise—and alarm—minority groups were in the lead. Members of black and Hispanic churches set up pickets in front of the chancellor's office. Even the Black Muslims entered the fray, arguing that sodomy violated their religious laws. (Jeffries himself has a theory that homosexuality is a white failing that is being forced on black people.) In Park Slope, Brooklyn, an armed police guard had to be called to protect the white-liberal-dominated board against enraged Hispanic parents who argued the schools were attempting to pervert their children. A "reconciliation" meeting of the central school board broke up in disarray after the first speaker—a black woman—charged that the curriculum was written solely "for gay white males." One parent, who probably spoke for the majority, summed it up when he told a community board: "I think we should be teaching homosexuals about the benefits of heterosexuality."

Such is the power of the bureaucracy to act unilaterally that it turned out the central school board had never voted on the curriculum. When the board was asked to certify the dismissal of Community Board 24, however, Fernandez was routed. The "Gang of Four" became a 6-0 majority (with Manhattan representative Luis Reyes abstaining) in favor of immediately reinstating the Queens community board. Cummins fired off a letter telling Fernandez she would meet him to discuss the issues in the offices of Queens Borough President Claire Shulman, who was also beginning to voice doubts about the curriculum.

Fernandez, unrepentant, responded in an op-ed article in the *Wall Street Journal* that appeared three days after the school board vote. Citing *Newsday*, Fernandez argued once again that the Queens board was unrepresentative and that "other parents in the district" were on his side. He also complained that:

> Some opponents of this section of the guide have found that, by talking about the "Children of the Rainbow" curriculum as if it were the same as our HIV/AIDS education program, their vicious distortions will be more readily believed by parents and the public.
>
> The fact is, there is no discussion of sex or sexuality in the first grade, whether the guide being used is "Children of the Rainbow," the HIV/AIDS curriculum, or any other teacher's guide.

However, page 379 of the "Rainbow" teacher's guide states: "HIV is transmitted from one person to another by any of three routes: (1) unprotected sexual intercourse, including vaginal, anal, and oral intercourse; (2) parental exposure to infected blood . . . and (3) transmission from infected women to their infants." It was clear that—unlike most of his opponents—Fernandez still had not read the curriculum.

Fernandez's defeat has raised speculation that he won't be around very long. One scenario had him angling to join the Clinton Administration—where he certainly would have found a warmer reception than he got in Queens. Another speculation is that Mayor Dinkins will use Fernandez's self-immolation as an excuse to demand that the mayor himself, rather than the board of education, appoint the next school chancellor.

Unnoticed in all the controversy is that the racial and ethnic aspects of the Rainbow curriculum had been accepted without controversy. The argument that bigotry and prejudice are the heart of opposition has not stood up. When other community boards—emboldened by District 24's success—began to pick apart the curriculum, they objected, not to the lesson plans about African games or American Indian holidays, but to the conversion of "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" into a song about ecology. Parents argued, quite legitimately, that this constituted an unwarranted appropriation of religious materials.

As far as homosexuality is concerned, it is clear that people outside the educated elite have decided it is a luxury they cannot afford. Mary Cummins and Donna Minkowitz agree about one thing: they both regard homosexuality as an adventitious condition that—apart from a small residue of hard-core cases—is strongly influenced by the culture in which a young person grows up.

Among the general public, there is also a growing recognition that the nomenklatura of the education establishment is trying to drive a wedge between parents and children, appropriating responsibilities that have traditionally belonged to families. Impellizzeri did the best job of summing up what the battle is over when she quoted Chesterton:

> The family instinct is the indestructible minimum of morality; the one germ of social consciousness. Whatever institution or idea we trust as a substitute for the family becomes a cold temple. The builder of that cold temple shall see his folly: the gradual dehumanization of his own children before his own eyes.

In New York, the vast, sleeping giant of normality was stirring at last. ❐

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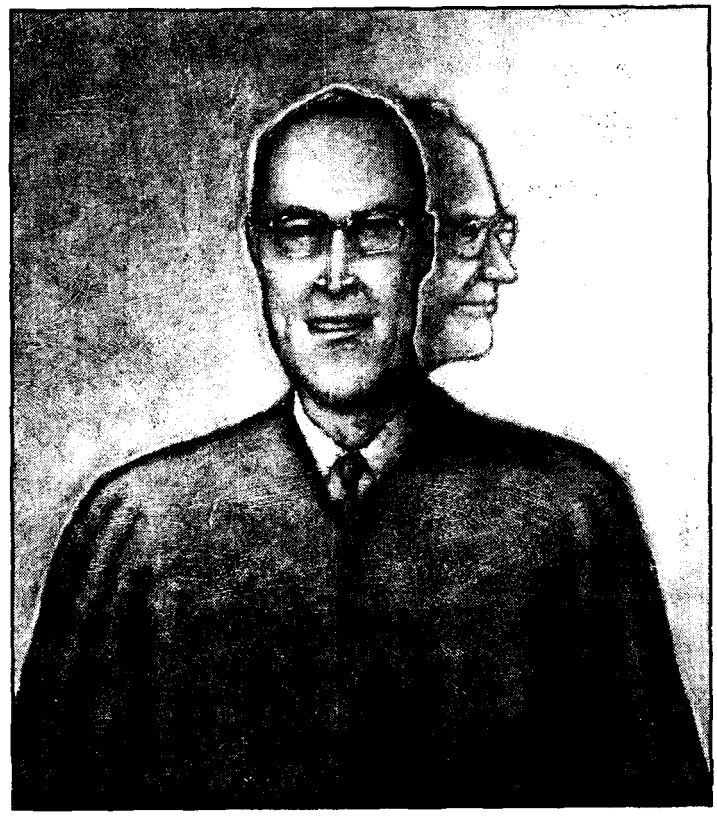
Terry Eastland

The Tempting of Justice Kennedy

Is it the Greenhouse Effect that has turned Anthony Kennedy into the Harry Blackmun of our time—that is, a Justice who "grew"?



Starting in April 1992, when the case was argued, conservatives looked forward to the Supreme Court's decision in *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey*. At issue was the constitutionality of a Pennsylvania statute regulating the abortion industry. Chief Justice William Rehnquist was likely to sustain all of the challenged Pennsylvania provisions, on grounds he had established in his plurality opinion for the Court three years earlier in *Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services*—that abortion is not a fundamental right but a "liberty interest" subject to reasonable government regulation. There seemed little doubt that Rehnquist, the three Justices who had joined him in *Webster* (Antonin Scalia, Anthony Kennedy, and Byron White), and at least new justice Clarence Thomas would rule in favor of the Pennsylvania law. If they did so, they likely would follow the lines set forth in *Webster*. Such an opinion and *Roe* v. *Wade* could not co-exist. *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey* would thus overrule *Roe*.

But on June 29, 1992, only four justices voted for the second coming of *Webster* and a de facto overruling of *Roe*; Justice Kennedy had gone over to the other side. In their joint opinion for the Court, Kennedy and Justices Sandra Day O'Connor and David Souter upheld four of the regulations but voided the fifth under a newfangled "undue-burden test." The big news of the majority opinion was its reaffirmation of "the essential holding" of *Roe*.

What had gone wrong for the so-called "conservative" Court?

On September 4, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak were the first journalists to report what had been bruited about in legal circles during the summer: that Justice Anthony Kennedy had "flipped"—or changed the vote he cast in the April judicial conference—in *Casey*, thus unmaking the Rehnquist majority that would have overruled *Roe*. Kennedy's equivocation amounted to an epochal reversal for anti-abortion conservatives, but with

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the notable exception of the *Los Angeles Times*'s David Savage, Supreme Court reporters made little effort to pursue the story.

On October 25, the *New York Times* ran a front-page piece by Supreme Court reporter Linda Greenhouse, detailing how O'Connor, Kennedy, and Souter, appointed by Presidents "eager" to see much of the legacy built by Justices William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall dismantled, were now offering "remarkable testimony to the impact of these liberal giants . . . on their own lives as Justices." In a subordinate clause buried in the thirtieth paragraph, Greenhouse disputed the Evans and Novak report that, as she put it, "Justice Kennedy had changed his vote in the Pennsylvania abortion case at the last minute."

On the theory that perhaps Greenhouse had written an earlier story explaining what she now stated so cryptically and authoritatively, I called her. No such story, she said. On what then did she base her assertion that Evans and Novak were wrong and that Kennedy had not flipped? "My sources"—who remained anonymous.[1]

But my own sources advise that Kennedy did flip (and not only in *Casey*, but also in his earlier vote in *Lee* v. *Weisman*, in which, writing for a five-person majority, he appeared to contradict what he had said in a 1989 case by now declaring that non-sectarian prayers said at public middle- and high-school graduation ceremonies violate the First Amendment's establishment clause). There is good reason to believe that what was handed down on June 29 reflected what happened in conference two months before. Rehnquist would customarily have written at least one opinion for the Court in April, but he wrote none. And Justice Harry Blackmun's opinion in *Casey*, as first released, indicates that Rehnquist had assigned himself the majority opinion. Criticizing Rehnquist's opinion, Blackmun refers to it as *ante*, or "before." (The Court opinion is always published first, before concurrences and dissents. Blackmun's reference to *ante* was later changed to *post*.)

Blackmun also writes, in a footnote critical of Rehnquist: "Obviously, I do not share the plurality's view of homosexuality as sexual deviance." The "plurality"? This reference suggests that the Chief started out writing a majority opinion that, in the process of circulation, became a plurality—as the majority split on the reasoning. But he still had five votes for the result—to sustain all the regulations. Someone flipped, most likely Kennedy. In their party celebrating the end of the court's term, the clerks performed a few skits. "When a character portraying Kennedy was introduced," reported the *Los Angeles Times*'s Savage on December 10, the clerks "played the theme song from 'Flipper,' the old TV show about the playful dolphin."

Now, "flipping" isn't criminal or unethical, but it is rare, happening only once or twice a term. In this case, it raises questions: Who advised Linda Greenhouse that the Evans and Novak story was inaccurate? Did Kennedy ask a friend to talk to Greenhouse? Did Kennedy himself speak to her?

It would not have been out of character for Kennedy. As it turns out, the hour before *Casey* was handed down, Kennedy was in his chambers with a writer from the *California Lawyer*, who reported in the October 1992 issue: Justice Kennedy

> stands at the window of his high-ceilinged chambers, waiting to go on the bench, looking down at the crowd of competing protesters in the plaza below. . . . He looks at the crowd for a long moment. "Sometimes you don't know if you're Caesar about to cross the Rubicon," he says, his voice becoming almost inaudible, "or Captain Queeg cutting your own tow line."

As a lawyer who has worked with Kennedy put it, "He thinks he's Oliver Wendell Holmes."

Ten minutes before the Justices gather to announce the decision, this Caesar in robes (surely he did not fancy himself Queeg) asks to be alone. "I need to brood," he tells the reporter. Kennedy will later tell the journalist that "only history can tell" if he's done the right thing.

Anthony Kennedy is interested in history, especially the history of the Supreme Court; pointing to the pictures of Justices on the walls inside the Court, Kennedy tells clerks and friends stories about each one. His interest is more than academic: Kennedy assigns clerks the job of clipping and entering into a notebook all stories about him. He cares about how history will regard *him*, and therefore about how the first drafters of history—today's journalists—treat him. As a lawyer who has worked with Kennedy put it, "He thinks he's Oliver Wendell Holmes."

Court observers have advanced various explanations for Kennedy's vote in *Casey*. Some argue that Harvard Law School's Laurence Tribe—the two have taught law together during the summer in Austria—has bewitched Kennedy. (Tribe supported Kennedy's confirmation to the Court.) Or that Tribe-taught clerks have bewitched him, particularly Michael Dorf, Kennedy's clerk in *Casey*, who in 1991 co-authored a book with Tribe that praised Kennedy.

But their influence must be understood in context. Prior to his elevation to the Supreme Court, there were already two Kennedys: one was the judicial conservative, albeit not an intellectually rigorous one; the other, seen only occasionally, was a judge open to the kind of claims that lead to activism.

[1] Greenhouse's careful formulation of what was inaccurate about the Evans and Novak story—the idea that Kennedy had changed his vote "at the last minute"—leaves open the possibility that Kennedy changed his vote after conference but before "the last minute." But the column itself did not say when in fact he flipped.

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On the Supreme Court, the first Kennedy is often at work, but the second Kennedy has been evident at times, and in *Casey*, which was handed down on the very last day of the term, this Kennedy emerged full-blown. Tribe & Co. have encouraged this second Kennedy, but he is also the product of his own ambition. This is where the Greenhouse Effect kicks in.

Thomas Sowell coined that term, after the *Times*'s Greenhouse. The Greenhouse Effect is the impact activist Court reporters—there rarely is any other kind of Court reporter—can have upon the decision-making of judges like Kennedy. These journalists bear the typical American impatience with forms, and depict judges who seek to enforce forms—rules of law—as lacking compassion. Such judges are "theoretical" or "ideological"—awful things to be—while activist judges are praised for their "non-ideological," "case-by-case" approach.

This past term, for example, Justices Thomas and Scalia dissented from a majority ruling that, citing society's "evolving standards of decency," sided with an inmate in a Louisiana prison who complained that a beating administered by guards violated the Eighth Amendment's prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment. Thomas, who wrote the dissent, said that the guards' behavior was contemptible and may have been tortious or criminal, but was not unconstitutional under the Eighth Amendment. For this refusal to rewrite the Constitution for the sake of a Louisiana prisoner, Thomas was reviled in the press—"the youngest, cruelest Justice," said the *New York Times*.[2]

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By contrast, the *Legal Times* published a paean to the "constitutional journey" that had taken Kennedy to his opinions in *Lee* v. *Weisman* and *Casey*. What explains his journey, the paper said, was not "ideology" but a "hankering to be fair." In short, "values . . . count for more than theories with him." Similarly, Linda Greenhouse quoted Kennedy's own words of praise (in the *Stanford Law Review*) for Thurgood Marshall as a way of explaining—and reinforcing—his move to the center: "Perhaps [Kennedy, O'Connor, and Souter] are now finding themselves at times trying to take account of Justice Marshall's perspectives on the issues that 'all decent societies must explore and attempt to resolve,' in Justice Kennedy's words."[3]

A justice with an eye on history knows that what the first drafters of history reward is "growth." But let us behold what Kennedy's growth has meant. Whether *Roe* v. *Wade* is good constitutional law and would endure as constitutional law has been *the* jurisprudential question of the past twenty years. Most observers expected Kennedy, if not to overrule *Roe*, certainly not to reaffirm it. Kennedy has not only stymied the effort within the Court to overrule *Roe*, but also embraced a doctrine of the self that could undermine every law based on traditional religious morality. (For what it's worth, Kennedy—with his opinion in *Casey*—has already passed Bill and Hillary Clinton's litmus test for Supreme Court nominees.) Kennedy's performance in *Casey*, precisely because of the importance of the issues involved in the case, raises doubts about a tenure that until now was conservative, if with a discernible activist streak. If the Kennedy of *Casey* is a sign of things to come, his growth rate might even surpass that of another "grower," Harry Blackmun, appointed in 1971 by Richard Nixon.

Like Justice Kennedy, Blackmun was his sponsoring President's third choice for a Supreme Court seat. Like Kennedy, Blackmun was regarded upon taking office as the ideological twin of a conservative Justice, in this case Warren Burger. And like Kennedy, he cast generally conservative votes in his first years on the Court. But in 1973 Blackmun wrote the opinion in *Roe* v. *Wade*, arguably the most activist opinion ever. *Roe* was Blackmun's coming out; it signaled his future. In 1982 the *Harvard Law Review* published a student note hailing "The Changing Social Vision of Justice Blackmun." It cited statistics showing Blackmun's voting record in declining agreement with Chief Justice Burger and Justice Rehnquist and in increasing agreement with Justices Brennan and Marshall. Blackmun went from almost 90 percent agreement with Burger in 1970-71 to 56 percent in 1980-81, and from 82 percent agreement with Rehnquist in 1971-72 (Rehnquist's first year) to 52 percent in 1980-81. (Blackmun, by the way, agreed with Rehnquist 48 percent of the time in 1991-92.) The note's author remarked that while Blackmun early on wrote opinions that "conveyed a vision of healthy, self-governing institutions rightly developing free from judicial intrusion," these fortunately gave way to opinions responding "to a perception of concrete problems that cry out for judicial response and correction." Can we expect the *Harvard Law Review* someday to run an article entitled "The Changing Social Vision of Justice Kennedy"?

In 1987, President Reagan nominated Robert Bork to the seat vacated by Justice Lewis Powell. The vicious and—because of its use of modern media techniques—unprecedented campaign to defeat Bork succeeded, leading

[2] For more on Thomas's dissent in this case, see my Presswatch column "Doubting Thomas Again" in the May 1992 *TAS*.

[3] Republican Presidents should appoint lawyers of demonstrated invulnerability to the Greenhouse Effect—a virtue possessed by Rehnquist, Scalia, and Thomas, all three of whom had worked in the executive branch, been through confirmation and oversight hearings, been denounced in the press and by members of Congress, and not "grown." Newcomers to Washington are risks, as Kennedy, O'Connor, and Souter have demonstrated.

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Reagan eventually to nominate Kennedy, who was unanimously confirmed.

A judge for twelve years on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, Kennedy was regarded as conservative but non-Borkean. That is, he could be expected to defer to legal text and history, but also to be "open," unlike Bork, to arguments rooted in recent experience that might amend traditional rules of law. In his confirmation hearing, Kennedy said the Constitution protects "a value we call privacy." Unlike Bork, he declared that judges should protect rights not enumerated in the Constitution, and talked generally about a Constitution with a capacity for growth.

When he took office in early 1988, Kennedy had a high regard for Scalia and Rehnquist, and both sought to cultivate their newest colleague. Kennedy's very first opinion, in *Bethesda Hosp. Ass'n* v. *Bowen* (1988), bore the marks of a judicial conservative, as Kennedy argued that in interpreting a statute judges should consider only text, not legislative history. In the 1988 term, Kennedy voted with, and for the most part signed on to, the reasoning of Rehnquist and Scalia. Only O'Connor (93.4 percent) voted more than Kennedy (92.1) did with Rehnquist, and no one voted more than Kennedy (85 percent) with Scalia. Kennedy joined Rehnquist's plurality opinion in *Webster*, and his vote helped make the difference in a series of key civil rights rulings.

Kennedy's presence often gave Rehnquist working majorities, and the Chief Justice gave Kennedy plum assignments, including the opinions in two cases upholding the constitutionality of drug testing. And in *Public Citizen* v. *Dept. of Justice*, Kennedy reiterated the importance of looking at "the plain language of the statute" when interpreting it, and insisted that "this Court must not arrogate to itself the power to adjust a balance [of powers] settled by the explicit terms of the Constitution." In *Allegheny County* v. *ACLU*, Kennedy deplored as "bizarre" the split result in which majorities voided the display of a crèche on the grand staircase of a county courthouse and upheld the display of a giant menorah outside a county building. Citing "historical practices and understandings" going back to the founding, Kennedy said he would have permitted both displays, and argued that the Establishment Clause should be read to forbid only government coercion.

Nonetheless, Kennedy remained open to activist argument. In *Richmond* v. *Croson*, Kennedy joined an O'Connor opinion striking down a minority set-aside. But he wrote separately to say that he could not go along with "a rule [advanced by Scalia] of automatic invalidity for racial preferences" that are not remedies for unlawful discrimination. Such a rule, wrote Kennedy, would have required "a break with our precedents that require a case-by-case test." To the layman, this may not seem significant—after all, Kennedy did vote with the majority—but his opinion was a sign of his unwillingness to adopt a rule of law that would reduce judicial discretion.

Likewise, in *Michael H.* v. *Gerald D.*, a factually bizarre case involving paternity and visitation rights, Kennedy, while agreeing with Scalia's opinion for the Court, joined O'Connor in explicitly refusing to agree with a Scalia footnote that limited to text and the most specific tradition the sources judges could draw upon in interpreting the Fourteenth Amendment's due process clause (a source of much judicial activism). O'Connor and Kennedy said that they "would not foreclose the unanticipated by the prior imposition of a single mode of historical analysis."

And then there was Kennedy's position in *Texas* v. *Johnson*. Like Scalia, Kennedy joined the majority opinion written by Brennan that extended First Amendment protection to flag-burning. But unlike Scalia, Kennedy felt compelled to write separately: Judicial power is difficult in its exercise, no other branch can wield it, sometimes we must make decisions we do not like, but we make them because the Constitution compels them, and this is one of those decisions. This expression of anguish was totally unnecessary, unless perhaps its writer wished to catch the eye of the news media. Here was a sign that Kennedy might be *their* kind of jurist.

Kennedy was "no clone of Robert Bork," as the *New Jersey Law Journal* put it, but most press accounts simply lumped him in the emerging conservative majority—no place for a jurist on the fast track. Nor did it help that Kennedy was ridiculed inside the Court. Clerks working for liberal Justices thought him intellectually mediocre and "clerk-driven"—Kennedy then had mostly conservative clerks. "Even some of the justices appeared to give Kennedy low marks," writes David Savage in his recent book *Turning Right: The Making of the Rehnquist Supreme*

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Court.[4] Said one, "I understand he gives good speeches." Kennedy was referred to as "Little Nino" or "Ninetto."

In the 1989 term, Kennedy sometimes looked the part of a Justice in a conservative cage yearning to break out. He voted more with Rehnquist (83 percent) and Scalia (84 percent) than any other Justice, and helped move the Court to the right in major abortion, capital punishment, criminal procedure, and civil rights cases. He also authored some excellent opinions. In *Metro Broadcasting* v. *Federal Communications Commission*, in which Brennan garnered five votes to sustain a minority set-aside, Kennedy wrote a dissent joined by Scalia that chastised the majority for reviving the "deferential approach to racial classifications" of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* (1896). And in *Missouri* v. *Jenkins*, in which the Court upheld a court-imposed local property tax increase to fund school desegregation, Kennedy vigorously dissented, arguing that "a judicial taxation order is but an attempt to exercise a power that has always been thought legislative in nature."

But Kennedy often seemed to hold conservative majorities at arm's length. In *United States* v. *Verdugo-Urquidez*, Kennedy joined a Rehnquist opinion holding that the Fourth Amendment does not apply to the search by Drug Enforcement Administration agents of property owned by a foreign national and located in a foreign country; but he wrote separately to distance himself from the Chief Justice's suggestion that the Fourth Amendment did not apply to aliens. Again, Kennedy would not limit what a judge might later want to do. And in *Holland* v. *Illinois*, a Sixth Amendment case, Kennedy wrote separately to emphasize that Scalia's opinion for the Court had not decided whether the equal protection clause prohibited the race-motivated use of peremptory challenges to exclude jurors. Indeed, Kennedy thought that such an equal-protection claim "would have merit."

In the 1990 term, Kennedy underwent another growth spurt. By the numbers his was a conservative performance: He voted more with Rehnquist (82.6 percent) and Scalia (84.1 percent) than any other Justice. He joined Rehnquist and Scalia to forge majorities in desegregation, abortion, and key criminal law cases, and joined them in dissenting in a pair of Voting Rights Act cases. But in *Minnick* v. *Mississippi*, Kennedy wrote an opinion for the Court that extended the rule of *Miranda* to bar police from questioning a suspect even after he has requested and seen a lawyer—the lawyer must always be present during interrogation. And in three cases involving bias in jury selection, Kennedy wrote Court opinions that drew objections in all three of the cases from Scalia, and in two of the three from Rehnquist.

In *Harmelin* v. *Michigan*, Kennedy joined a majority in rejecting a claim that a life sentence for a first-offense conviction of drug possession violates the Eighth Amendment's prohibition against "cruel and unusual punishment." But in a separate opinion joined by Souter and O'Connor he left open the possibility that the Eighth Amendment might be invoked to strike down sentences that are "grossly disproportionate" to the crime.

Kennedy was distancing himself not only from Bork, but also from Scalia and Rehnquist. A *Wall Street Journal* story noted that "while [he] casts conservative votes on most issues," he "is also emerging as the Court's leading proponent of free speech and the press" and "at times shows flashes of concern about police searches and the rights of criminal defendants." A liberal free-press advocate said Kennedy was "more solid on our issues" than anyone else on the Court. A law professor praised Kennedy's opinion in *Minnick* as one that "sounded just like William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall."

Kennedy has not only stymied the effort within the Court to overrule Roe, *but also embraced a doctrine of the self that could undermine every law based on traditional religious morality.*

Not until 1991, however, did Kennedy, as the *Legal Times* put it, "come into his own." While Kennedy agreed less than in previous terms with Rehnquist (66.7 percent) and Scalia (62.3 percent), the numbers are not especially suggestive because there were more disagreements than usual within the Court. Kennedy continued to cast conservative votes and to reason from conservative premises. But he also refused to agree with Rehnquist's view in *Society for Krishna Consciousness* v. *Lee* that airports are not traditional public forums and, therefore, not subject to First Amendment speech limitations. In another case, Kennedy disagreed with a view of standing articulated by Scalia, writing: "As government programs become more complex and far-reaching, we must be sensitive to the articulation of new rights of action that do not have clear analogs in our common-law tradition." In both cases, Kennedy declined to embrace limitations on the judicial role.

And then there were Kennedy's positively activist roles in *Lee* v. *Weisman* and *Casey*. In the *Lee* case, a principal selected a rabbi to offer a prayer at a middle school commencement ceremony. He asked the rabbi to make the prayer non-sectarian. Students were not required to attend the ceremony nor to stand during the prayer nor even to be respectful. But Kennedy found the atmosphere "coercive" and declared a violation of the Establishment Clause. In dissent, Scalia, joined by Rehnquist, White, and Thomas, reminded Kennedy of what he had said three years before in *Allegheny*—that the Establishment Clause

[4] John Wiley & Sons, 473 pages, $22.95.

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must be construed in light of "government policies of accommodation, acknowledgment, and support for religion [that] are an accepted part of our political and cultural heritage."

The Kennedy of *Allegheny* does not sound like the Kennedy of *Lee* v. *Weisman*, who said: "Law reaches past formalism. And to say a teenage student has a real choice not to attend her high school graduation is formalistic in the extreme." Which is to say: judging is a matter not of applying rules but of doing what the judge thinks is right in each case.

What the *Lee* and *Casey* rulings have in common, as Robert Bork has written, is that both bespeak "a willingness to ignore the actual principles of the Constitution in order to enact a liberal cultural agenda" that rests on extreme notions of individual autonomy.

Kennedy, O'Connor, and Souter each wrote parts of the 60-page joint opinion in *Casey*, a twin of *Roe* that similarly radiates judicial supremacy. Arrogantly and wrongly, the opinion declares that the American people see the Supreme Court as "speak[ing] before all others for their constitutional ideals." Kennedy's part of the opinion is arguably the worst argued and written. Where *Roe* v. *Wade* had found the right to an abortion in an unenumerated "right of privacy," Kennedy now located it in the liberty component of the due process clause, even though the latter does not define liberty in any substantive way. Referring to Scalia's effort in the *Michael H.* footnote to limit how judges might interpret the due process clause—to which he (and O'Connor) had specifically objected—Kennedy said that approach "would be inconsistent with our law." Recognizing that this begged the question of what "our law" is, Kennedy said: "It is a promise of the Constitution that there is a realm of personal liberty which the government may not enter." But as the rest of Kennedy's argument showed, what the Constitution promises in this respect is what judges have written into it. "Reasoned judgment" is what is needed, Kennedy said. "Our obligation is to define the liberty of all, not to mandate our own moral code," he wrote in a convoluted passage. "At the heart of liberty," he said, "is the right to define one's own concept of existence, of meaning, of the universe, and of the mystery of human life. Beliefs about these matters could not define the attributes of personhood were they formed under compulsion of the State." This is jurisprudence worthy of Murphy Brown, advancing a definition of liberty so radical as to suggest that law is impossible and chaos our destiny. At least from the mouth of Murphy Brown it would have been fiction.

Kennedy went on to say that this notion of liberty encompasses "the abortion decision." The question is what else it encompasses. As Justice Scalia observed in dissent, it might include "homosexual sodomy, polygamy, adult incest, and suicide." Writing in the *New York Times*, Laurence Tribe praised Kennedy for putting "the right to abortion on a firmer jurisprudential foundation than ever before." Today, the burden of explanation is no longer on those who would extend the right of privacy to encompass various "lifestyle" behaviors, but on, as Russell Hittinger of Catholic University has said, "the defenders of traditional family values . . . to justify limiting this new understanding of liberty to heterosexual women seeking an abortion." Those who battled to defeat the Bork nomination won more than they ever could have imagined.

For his work in *Lee* v. *Weisman* and *Casey* and his performance over the term generally, Kennedy won high praise in the press. An article saying Kennedy had been "Blackmunized" led Justice Blackmun to advise his newfound ally, "Don't worry. It's not fatal." At the annual meeting of the American Bar Association in August, Kennedy gave a speech affirming his passage to historical greatness: "We are, of course, bound by the law and our traditions of logic and reason, precedent, *stare decisis*," but also by "our own sense of morality and decency."

History will record where Kennedy's own sense of morality and decency, not to mention his own quest for fame, will take him in a Washington where the Greenhouse Effect is endemic. He could wind up like another Californian, Earl Warren, whose appointment President Eisenhower called one of his biggest mistakes. Having reaffirmed *Roe* v. *Wade*, Kennedy could now be confirmed as Chief Justice by a Democratically controlled Senate. And whether as the Chief Justice or an Associate, he could lead his colleagues to embrace the Warren Court practice, as the late Alexander Bickel of Yale described it, of setting aside the written law in order to pursue what judges think is "*right* and *good*." Because no one should mistake that kind of judging for what judging under the Constitution ought to be, one must hope that Kennedy will come to realize the folly of a jurisprudence of personal predilection. ❐

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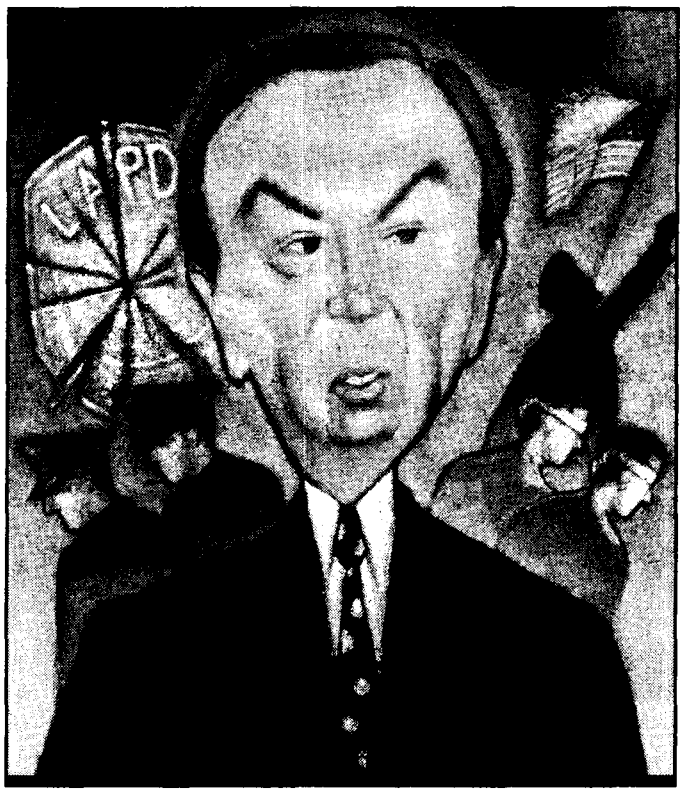
Daniel Wattenberg

Clinton's Hard-Line Appeaser

Whether in serving Jimmy Carter or harassing the LAPD, Secretary of State–designate Warren Christopher has been a proud and tireless advocate of pain-free solutions.



In the spring of 1980, Col. Charlie Beckwith, commander of the Delta Force and one of the most decorated special forces heroes in the country's history, briefed President Carter and his top national security advisers on Operation Eagle Claw, the plan to rescue fifty-two American hostages being held by Iranian Revolutionary Guards in Tehran.

"The Secretary of State [Cyrus Vance] was there," Col. Beckwith remembers, "but he laid his head down all the time. He didn't participate or act like he heard what was being said." Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher took the lead in cross-examining Col. Beckwith on his rescue plan.

"I said that the people who come out of this building—there was a large building there that housed a lot of Iranian guards—when they come out we're going to try to take all those people down, and as we do that, we're gonna be going into the various compartments of their other buildings, searching for the hostages. And anyone who is holding a hostage, we intend to shoot him, and shoot him right between the eyes. We intend to shoot him twice.

"And Christopher said, 'You mean you can do that?'

"And I said, 'We work very hard to do that.'

"And he said, 'Well, would you consider shooting them in the leg, or in the ankle or the shoulder?'

"Now Christopher is gonna deny that he said that, but it's the truth."

Christopher's solicitude for the Revolutionary Guards is particularly odd, given that the Carter Administration was still considering a punitive—and inevitably lethal—military strike on Iran, to be staged concurrently with the rescue mission.

There are those who argue that President Clinton's nomination of the Los Angeles lawyer as secretary of state is not a cause for serious worry. In this view, he will be balanced by Clinton himself and the otherwise impressive national security team he has assembled. Anthony Lake and Sandy Berger at the National Security Council are able strategists. Clinton's nominee for defense secretary, Les Aspin, and CIA director-designate R. James Woolsey have strategic vision and backbone. Clinton may be inexperienced, but he has good instincts and firm resolve. How much damage could Warren Christopher do?

Plenty, unfortunately, if the Carter Administration is any guide. National security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski had spine and strategic vision. Defense Secretary Harold Brown understood the need for a firm American response to Soviet expansionism. And after a wishy-washy start, Carter himself demonstrated realism and resolve. Unfortunately, his State

Daniel Wattenberg's "The Lady Macbeth of Little Rock" appeared in our August issue.

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Department was headed by Cyrus Vance and Warren Christopher. As a result, Carter got not only bad advice from State, but also internal stalemates between hard- and soft-line approaches, with the President caught in the middle. Even when Carter swung firmly toward the Brzezinski view late in his term, State often made the resulting policy hard to implement and sustain.

For the State Department gives operational expression to foreign policy. State instructs ambassadors, conducts negotiations, shapes embassy reporting, and enunciates U.S. foreign policy in daily noon briefings. When it is not in sympathy with the White House, it has a unique capacity to dilute, obstruct, and stall. Whether undermining support for the Shah or backtracking on security commitments in the Persian Gulf, it did just that in the Carter years, when Ethiopia, South Yemen, and Afghanistan fell under Soviet domination and Iran transformed itself into a terrorist theocracy. Warren Christopher, as Carter's deputy secretary of state—and de facto secretary of state under the clueless Edmund Muskie—was as responsible as anyone for cutting America's interests loose from their strategic underpinnings in the late 1970s.

Christopher's reputation as "Cy Vance without the charisma" is well earned.

A Carter-era State Department speechwriter recalls: "Christopher was by far everyone's least favorite person to deal with, precisely because his comments were invariably petty and inconsistent and in many ways wholly unimportant." Department speechwriters worked in State's Policy Planning Bureau, then headed by Tony Lake and his deputy, Sandy Berger. "He was notorious for sending drafts back and forth over and over again. I remember Lake and Berger being in despair because he once sent a draft back and forth thirty-three times. They had counted." (Perhaps Christopher's punctiliousness accounts for his limited output of foreign policy writings. His post-Carter chef d'oeuvre is "Diplomacy: The Neglected Imperative," a 77-page manila-bound collection of speeches published by his law firm.)

Christopher's reputation as "Cy Vance without the charisma" is well earned. Self-effacement is not incompatible with success at State, as secretaries from George Marshall to George Shultz have shown. But unlike Christopher, those two had a sure grasp of strategy and history. According to Brzezinski—whose magisterial memoir, *Politics and Principle*, can be read using Christopher's volume as a bookmark—blindness, not blandness, was the big problem with both Christopher and Vance. Both "were so much better when playing supporting roles than when given predominant responsibility for coping with the ugly realities of the contemporary world."

The two lawyers exemplified the litigational approach to foreign policy. Brzezinski wrote:

> Christopher was at his best when supporting Vance, or when negotiating on the President's behalf on the hostage issue. But when diplomacy yielded to power politics, Vance—and later Christopher when he became in effect Muskie's alter ego, given Muskie's relative unfamiliarity with key problems—preferred to litigate issues endlessly, to shy away from the unavoidable ingredient of force in dealing with contemporary international realities, and to have an excessive faith that all issues can be resolved by compromise. Unfortunately, in a revolutionary age, such an approach more often than not tends to be exploited by the Qaddafis, Khomeinis, or even the Brezhnevs or Begins of our age.

Dedicated to process, to "talking," Christopher lost sight of the strategic and ideological ends that necessarily guide choices of means. Though Christopher's approach was invariably averse to the use of force, that was not its main defect. Its main defect was that it venerated negotiation—by definition a means—as an end.

Christopher claims his approach "implies direct communication, whether to define our views, to explain our actions, to win acceptance, to invite cooperation. It involves addressing differences, struggling at least to identify them and ultimately, one hopes, to resolve them." In practice, this litigational orientation resulted more often than not in the evasion of differences. It was ironically the "hawkish" Brzezinski who pressed for wide-ranging, in-depth dialogue with the Soviet Union, while the "dovish" State Department duo tended to view such dialogue as a threat to the "arms control process."

Throughout the Carter years, Christopher recoiled from confronting the Soviets over their regional adventurism, long after Carter himself had wised up. In the early months of 1979, recalls Brzezinski, "I monitored with mounting apprehension the intensifying Soviet military involvement in Afghanistan and I pressed for stronger U.S. reactions." State remained fixated on arms control. Eventually Brown and he "prevailed on Vance and Christopher, both of whom were less than enthusiastic, to register formally our concern over the Soviets' creeping interference in Afghanistan."

As Afghan resistance to the Soviet-sponsored Amin regime spread, the Washington pattern repeated itself: the NSC pushed to dial up the private and public heat on the Soviets, while State worried "that this might be seen by the Soviets as U.S. meddling in Afghanistani affairs." On the night of December 25, the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan.

The next morning Brzezinski convened a crisis management session of "his" interagency forum, the Special Coordination Committee (SCC). "I proposed at the meeting that we should immediately tell the Russians, through a Presidential message to Brezhnev, that SALT was now in jeopardy and that the scope of our relationship with the

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Chinese would be affected," wrote Brzezinski. "Vance and Christopher objected strongly."

The problem with the State Department in general and Christopher in particular was that "they were unprepared for any confrontation," recalls a senior Carter official. "They were always looking for a way out and they did not want to be 'provocative.'" When, a week after the Soviet invasion, State at last fell in behind tough sanctions, Brzezinski observed acidly: "For reasons more explicable in terms of psychology than politics, those who previously were reluctant to react strongly to growing indications of a likely Soviet move against Afghanistan now urged actions stronger than those I proposed."

While the State Department would succeed in frustrating Brzezinski's hopes for a meaningful historical-philosophical dialogue with the Soviets, they would not succeed in getting SALT II. It's hard to think of a more fitting testament to the futility of Vance-Christopher litigationism than that unratified treaty. When applied to friends or coupled with leverage, the litigational approach can be defined as "diplomacy." When applied to implacable adversaries and not backed up by power, it is barely distinguishable from appeasement.

On November 2, 1978, Brzezinski convened a critical meeting of the SCC. After months of strikes, demonstrations, social unrest, and uncertain U.S. support, the Shah of Iran was paralyzed. The Shah had raised the specter of abdication for the first time and requested guidance from Washington within forty-eight hours. Brzezinski summarized what he'd heard, through sources including the Iranian ambassador to the U.S., Ardeshir Zahedi, regarding the Shah's state of mind and the mixed signals he was receiving from U.S. Ambassador William Sullivan. On that basis, he questioned whether Carter's policy of firm support for the Shah was surviving intact its transmission through Sullivan on the ground in Tehran.

Brzezinski proposed that Sullivan inform the Shah that the United States supported him unreservedly, felt that he needed to take decisive action to restore order, was agnostic on what form such action might take, and hoped he would resume his liberalization efforts after order had been restored. He then read aloud a draft message along those lines, stressing that Vance had already cleared it.

"This somewhat surprised Christopher, who pointed out that Zahedi was adept at giving the impression that the United States did not support the Shah and noted that a coalition government might still be the best way to provide movement toward a lasting settlement," records Brzezinski. In defending Sullivan against implications that he was diluting expressions of American backing for the Shah, Christopher may have spoken too soon. One week later, Sullivan sent Washington a telegram entitled, "Thinking the Unthinkable," in which he speculated that, should the Shah leave without a fight, the Ayatollah Khomeini would probably return from exile to play a "Gandhi-like role," and elections would probably result in an Islamic republic with a strong pro-Western leaning.

After creating a military government without the authority to clamp down, the Shah continued to vacillate between further concessions and the mailed fist before finally agreeing to leave and cede power to a government headed by the moderate, though anti-Shah, Shahpur Bakhtiar. He did not last long. Khomeini's return on February 1, 1980, confronted Washington with a fait accompli. From Brzezinski's perspective, it was a worst-case outcome. But Christopher saw it in a somewhat different light. On February 12, after another SCC meeting on Iran, Brzezinski noted in his journal: "I was rather struck by how eager Christopher and [Undersecretary for Political Affairs David] Newsom were to emphasize that the new regime in Iran is treating Americans well. I suspect that the outcome in Iran is one that not only fulfills some of their prophecies but also expresses some of their preferences."

Christopher provided implicit confirmation of Brzezinski's suspicions in a 1981 speech:

> Algeria's struggle for independence from France was relentless and bloody, and in the end, triumphant in 1962. Most of the leaders of present day Algeria were leaders in the revolution. Many of them endured long imprisonment in the struggle for independence. This has given them an understanding and a credibility in relating to independence struggles of others, including Iran.

Not only did Christopher blithely equate the U.S. relationship with the Shah with the benighted French colonial rule in Algeria; he also saw Khomeini's triumph in terms of a classic anti-colonial independence struggle rather than as the medieval theocratic reaction against modernity it so plainly was. These remarks were made two years after Khomeini's return, after mass executions and arrests, after the hostage crisis. They suggest that, with respect to Khomeini, Christopher was not merely a before-the-fact naïf, but an after-the-fact apologist.

In 1979, America's strategic pillar in Iran had crumbled, the Soviets were knocking at the door in Afghanistan, and Soviet clients were entrenched in Ethiopia and South Yemen. With the support of Harold Brown and Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, Brzezinski attempted to activate the national security machinery in support of "a regional security framework." The idea was to reassert American power and influence in a region that had become an "arc of crisis" through additional air and naval deployments, joint exercises, and base agreements with regional friends. Vance and Christopher resisted at every turn. At times the dynamic duo and Brzezinski seemed to be in different governments, as Brzezinski recounts: "At one point in the debate, Schlesinger argued forcefully that American military presence in the Indian Ocean-Persian Gulf area should 'balance' the Soviets,

(continued on page 67)

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The Real Mandate

by Grover Norquist

On November 3, 43 percent of American voters cast ballots for Bill Clinton. Clinton won thirty-two states while polling three percentage points below Michael Dukakis's losing showing in 1988. *USA Today* helpfully explained that this was a "landslide." *Time* and *Newsweek* found decisive "mandates," mandates for "change."

But just what message were voters sending? When voters rejected President Bush—who had himself rejected the low-tax policies of President Reagan—were they demanding a return to Reaganism or a leap forward to the even higher taxes implicit in Clintonism? A poll by Fabrizio, McLaughlin and Associates found that 40 percent of conservatives and 30 percent of Republicans voted against Bush. Were these voters repudiating their long-held principles?

Or were they reacting to the Bush Administration's orgy of spending increases and its regulatory binging?

The nation is stuck with Clinton for the next four years, and both the Clinton Administration and Republicans eager to recapture the White House need honest answers to the question of whether the low-tax, limited-government, strong-defense, traditional-values Republican coalition is finally broken, or whether it simply failed to find a presidential candidate among Clinton, Bush, and Perot. If the latter, then another Reagan could reunite the coalition and defeat Clinton if he governs as a liberal. If, however, the nation has truly moved left and would welcome—even demand—higher taxes for more government programs, then Clinton can move strongly left and win popular support.

The Democratic Leadership Council, created to move the Democrats back from knee-jerk leftism, argues that Clinton's centrist positions on welfare reform, the death penalty, and the line-item veto won the day. The DLC argues that the mandate for moving left is limited at best. Hillary Clinton's coterie argues that any vote against Bush was a vote against the "Reagan/Bush years." Raw political power, they think, will allow them to act on their left-wing principles.

The Republican party has similar divides. Reagan Republicans are wearing flashing neon "I Told You So" neckties. Bush, they argue, abandoned Reagan's most successful policies: low taxes, spending restraint, deregulation, and confrontation with the Democratic leadership in Congress. Bush raised taxes, increased spending more than even Jimmy Carter, added 20,000 new regulators to the public payroll, and cut secret deals with House speaker Tom Foley and Senate majority leader George Mitchell—whom he called his "friends" after each date-rape. Reagan Republicans argue that their coalition simply lacks a leader.

Liberal Republicans—led by Warren Rudman of New Hampshire, Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, and Tom Campbell of California—hold that it was the pro-life language in the party's platform, and appeals to evangelical Protestants and conservative Catholics, that cost Bush the election. This wing of the party has formed a "Republican Majority Coalition," which is given a more than respectful hearing by the press corps. No member of the Washington press has been rude enough to point out that the abortion language in the 1992 platform is the same as the language in the winning platforms of 1984 and 1988 or that 40 percent of George Bush's 1992 vote came from evangelical Protestants. The media's lack of critical analysis is matched only by that of Specter himself, who—after admitting that the "religious right" was responsible for his come-from-behind 1992 re-election—is now trying his hand at Christian-bashing.

Unsurprisingly, as pollsters and pundits on both sides busy themselves torturing data and reformulating questions, liberals find that the nation has moved left, while conservatives are more convinced than ever that the Reagan coalition will hold. More instructive than theoretical speculation, though, is a look at the fate of initiative questions on ballots in forty-three states.[1] And not surprisingly, the establishment media has all but ignored the mandate from America's other national plebiscite:

Term Limits. Term limitations for members of the House of Representatives and the Senate were on the ballot in fourteen states. The *Wall Street Journal* noted that this was as close to a national referendum as the United States has ever known. Clinton, in obeisance to congressional barons Mitchell and Foley, opposed term limitations; Bush, while in favor of them, chose not to campaign on the issue. The verdict? All fourteen constitutional amendments passed, with an average of 66 percent in favor. In the fourteen states that voted on such measures, term limits took 20 million votes, while Clinton took only 14 million. Wyoming and Florida cast 77 percent of their ballots for term limits. California, home to fifty-two House members, passed limits by 63 percent. The closest call came in Washington state, where a strongly financed campaign—courtesy of House speaker Foley's ability to "encourage" donations to the anti-term limit

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[1]The states with no initiatives or referenda were Delaware, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Vermont.

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cause—narrowed the margin to 52 percent.

Imagine for a minute that fourteen states had banned the death penalty or raised taxes on the rich or passed a mandatory recycling law: it would have been seen as a historic shift, and the press would have touted it as one of the major stories of the year. But the silence of the press should fool no one as to the seriousness of the term limits movement: November 3, 1992 changed the face of American politics forever.

With the 1990 victory for limits in Colorado, the 1992 tidal wave means that 156 members of the House and 30 senators are now under limits. In most states, that means six years for House members and twelve for senators. Four states allow eight years for House members, and the two Dakotas allow a total of twelve years in Congress. In 1994, eight other states will vote on the issue. If successful, they will bring the number of statutorily limited House members to 205 and senators to 46.

Note that these are not advisory votes, like the "nuclear freeze" referenda of 1982: *they are the law.* In six years, Tom Foley is out. John Dingell, scourge of whole industries, will be a private citizen. And term limits have had two further victories in Congress already: first, pro-limit Dick Armey of Texas defeated anti-limit Jerry Lewis of California for the chairmanship of the important House Republican Conference; and Republican freshmen forced a successful vote to limit the terms of all ranking Republican members of congressional committees to six years.

"Fairness." Clinton argued that taxes should be raised on the "rich" as a matter of fairness. But while Clinton was "picking the Republican electoral lock" on California, the state was voting on Initiative 167, which would have raised taxes on the wealthy—corporations and those making over $250,000 a year. The higher taxes would have paid for reducing the sales tax by a quarter-point and repealing the sales tax on snack food. This measure—the Clinton campaign slogan writ large—was voted down, 58 to 42 percent.

South Dakota voters rejected an initiative that would have imposed a personal and corporate income tax of between 2 and 5 percent to replace the sales tax on groceries, clothing, and utilities. This "progressive" measure was rejected, 74 to 26 percent.

Infrastructure. Gov. Mario Cuomo campaigned vigorously for a bond initiative that would commit $800 million to "create jobs" building "infrastructure" in New York state. While giving Clinton a plurality of the vote, New Yorkers nixed this Keynesian measure, 56 to 44 percent.

In recently rehabilitated Jimmy Carter's home state, voters were offered the chance to create a "Transportation Trust Fund." Monies were to be raised through higher gasoline and aviation fuel taxes and spent by the General Assembly. Georgians demurred, 63 to 36 percent.

In North Dakota, voters said no to Initiative 4: higher taxes for more water projects.

"Investing in Our Children." Hillary Clinton's favorite theme was addressed by the people of Colorado on November 3. Democratic Governor Roy Roemer put on the ballot an initiative neutrally titled "Pennies for the Children," which would have increased the sales tax by "only a penny" to pay for, well, more of the same stuff the public schools of Colorado have been providing its children for the past several decades. Even with the deck stacked by Roemer's propagandists, Coloradans declined to shell out for more of the same, 54 to 46 percent.

The Environment. Green impulses appear in the body politic in vague answers to general questions about the desirability of trees and parks; but it seems unlikely that Al Gore's environmental awareness will supplant the Republican coalition's Kempite fixation with economic growth. Environmentalism as a political force appears a "paper tiger," to quote Jerry Taylor of the Cato Institute. Massachusetts voters opted, by 60 to 40 percent, against a "modest" proposal to establish an "Environmental Challenge Fund" by levying a two-cent tax on each 50,000 gallons of toxic material manufactured in, or imported into, the commonwealth. Voters also rejected, again by 60 to 40 percent, a measure to require reduced packaging and greater use of recycled materials, starting in 1996.

Ohioans said no thanks, by a whoppingly un-Green margin of 78 to 12 percent, to a penny-a-pound tax on toxic chemicals.

Health Care. The central plank of Clinton's health plan—to require employers to provide health care to all employees—was offered as Proposition 166 to Californians, who rejected it by 68 to 32 percent. California is now home to one of every ten voters in the nation. Enough said.

Crime. Voters in five states addressed the right of crime victims to be heard at sentencing, parole hearings, and other junctures in criminal proceedings. Voters in Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and New Mexico cast an average vote of more than 80 percent in support of the victims' rights agenda. Supported by the NRA's Crime Strike project, which works with victims' groups nationally, these initiatives also forbid a repetition of the Mike Dukakis scandal (allowing criminals furloughs and early releases without notifying victims and their families).

Tax and Spend. Six of eight tax and spending cuts or limitations offered to voters passed. Of the twelve major tax-increase and bond initiatives, eleven were defeated; only a cigarette tax hike of 25 cents passed in Massachusetts—still the home of the Puritans.

Arizona taxpayer leader Sydney Hoff points out that not since 1978—in the heady days of Proposition 13 (Jarvis-Gann) in California and copycat measures elsewhere—had there been so many anti-tax initiatives on the ballot. Strong pressure from the National Education Association and the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees unions makes the anti-tax mandate of 1992 all the more impressive.

California rolled back part of Governor Pete Wilson's massive 1991 tax increase by repealing part of the sales tax on snack foods.

Connecticut, Colorado, and Rhode Island voted in spending limitation measures.

Maine voters outlawed the state legislature's practice of mandating spending for local government without providing the funding.

Florida adopted a "taxpayer bill of rights."

Arizona passed Proposition 108, which amended the Constitution to require a two-thirds vote of the state legislature to enact any new tax increase. Should the governor veto a tax bill, three-quarters of both houses would be needed to override. Seventy-two percent of Arizonans voted for the measure.

Colorado went Arizona one better. Question 1, passed with 54 percent of the

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vote, requires that all tax hikes or bond issues at the state or local level be put to a popular vote. Such votes can only take place in general elections—not in by-elections or primaries, when government workers remember to vote and the rest of us forget. Moreover, voters must be mailed a set of arguments for and against. And to guard against federal funds sneaking into Colorado to replace state and local funds, jurisdictions cannot increase their spending faster than inflation and population without a vote of the people. In Colorado it will be "No taxation without direct voter approval."

For those willing to listen, the voice of the people came through loud and clear on November 3, 1992. They voted in favor of constitutional restraints on spending, against higher taxes, and against individual programs for new spending (even when these were gussied up as guaranteeing "better" education, environment, infrastructure, or health care). Voters still feel less compassion for William Horton than for his victims. Only the vote against re-establishing capital punishment for murder in the District of Columbia can give liberals any comfort (and it may be cold comfort, as many liberals are soon to be punished for their electoral success by having to live there). So while *Newsweek* is imagining gale winds to the left, the American public is still listing comfortably center-right.

The initiative results do more than simply reassure the Reagan coalition that its premises and electoral support remain intact, if ignored. The success of the term limits movement in creating what amounted to a national plebiscite suggests a strategy for conservatives. U.S. Term Limits, the national group supporting the term limitation initiative movement, predicts eight more state referenda on the issue in 1994. Taxpayer groups in several states plan to marry the Arizona and Colorado initiatives—requiring a legislative supermajority *and* a popular vote to raise taxes. And victims' rights groups are planning more initiatives to toughen penalties for violent repeat offenders.

There now emerges a strategy recommended by the late Mao Tse-tung. Let the opposition have the capital city—seize the countryside. Washington will fall soon enough. ❐

CLINTON'S AMERICA

All You Can Eat

by Sandy Hume

Unlike recent Republican Presidents with their bland palates, Bill Clinton knows what he likes to eat, even if he only has fifteen minutes at his disposal. At the urging of many Americans concerned that we give the man a fair shake, we offer him this guide to a few Washington-area spots where he's certain to feel at home:

(1) **Burger King**, 1606 K St., NW. You'll find this elegant two-story BK two blocks away from the White House, possibly within jogging distance. Directly across the street are the offices of NOW, so it's a great spot to meet Hillary for lunch. (As Betsey Wright might advise, better to buy Hillary a Whopper than tell her one.) Visit the NOW gift shop on the ground floor and stock up on bumper-sticker mementoes for the many gals on your team: "Anita Told the Truth," "Honk If You're Codependent," and—sounds like Hillary—"God Is Coming and She's Pissed." There's even one for Governor Casey: "Against Abortion? Have a Vasectomy."

You'll be happy Hillary can't bake when you finish off your meal with a dozen chocolate chip delights at **Mrs. Field's**, a few blocks down at 1903 K St.

(2) **McDonald's**, 2705 Martin Luther King Ave., SE, a favorite hangout of one of your predecessors, Marion Barry. It's located in Ward 8, which he represents on the City Council. Just don't jog to these Golden Arches. Anyone running in this neck of the woods is invariably thought to be carrying someone's car stereo.

(3) **McDonald's**, 1401 K. St., NW. It's close to the White House and open every night till two. And they'll treat you just like an ordinary American. "President or no president," said one worker, "he's getting the same greasy food that everyone else gets."

(4) **McDonald's**, 1916 M St., NW. Nearby is Dupont Circle, known to Washingtonians as the "Fruit Loop." Bring some of that hesitant Pentagon brass over for serious lunch and recruiting for the New Clinton Military.

(5) Kennedy had his Camelot, and you can have yours. **The Camelot Nite Club**, 1823 M. St., NW, offers the finest in exotic dancing. You'll like Angie's performance. She's blonde and aging, a Marilyn Monroe for the nineties. You could honor her at the Kennedy Center. On your birthday.

(5a) **La Brasserie**, 239 Massachusetts Ave., NE. Fancy French food served by French waitresses, preferably in the privacy of the (Ted) Kennedy room.

(6) **Mother Nature's Store**, 1429 Center St., McLean, VA. Hold on to your quarter-pounder, Bill—you and Al are in this thing together. But when you sink your teeth into one of Mother Nature's famed tofu veggie burgers, you'll probably want to send him back to Antarctica.

(7) **Hogs on the Hill**, 732 Maryland Ave., NE. Don't worry—it's named after the Washington Redskins offensive line, not the porkers of Congress. This is where the 'Skins devour their weekly team dinner, and the hickory barbecue menu will allow you to test your appetite against the city's real men. Even in the absence of cheerleaders, Hogs will loosen your belt. You've probably heard of **Red, Hot and Blue**, Lee Atwater's old rib joint at 1600 Wilson Blvd., Arlington. Look for the mascots—two little pigs playing guitars. They need someone on horns.

(8) There's one other place you'll die for. Thirty-plus varieties of homemade ice cream. That's a lot of sundae and shake possibilities. Wish I could give you its name but I can't—my girlfriend works there, and she's California blonde! A fair shake, yes; a milk shake, no. ❐

Sandy Hume is TAS*'s editorial intern.*

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Europa! Oy, Europa!

by Michael Ledeen

You probably noticed that, as we were marching off to establish the new world order, Europe hit the fan. It shouldn't have surprised us all that much—after all, Europe's given us fascism, Communism, and two world wars in less than eighty years—but somehow we'd thought that the Europeans had outgrown that kid stuff and were ready for graduate school. Instead, no sooner do we decide that they're big guys now than they race back to the sandbox and start bashing each other over the heads with their toys. Forget about "Europe." In fact, you may have to forget about some of its biggest pieces. Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia have already joined the ranks of Rand McNally's money-makers, adding new colors to the maps. And those are only the noisy kids; back in the corner of the sandbox the little Scots, Welsh, Basques, Catalans, Corsicans, Sardinians, Sicilians, Istrians, and Sudtyrolers are practicing anthems on their harmonicas and accordions, while the Irish dance their murderous jigs by the jungle gym. And who can keep track of all the brats with the funny names, like the Ossetians?

The easiest way to understand the mess the Europeans are making is to pretend that the two world wars, and the Cold War, never happened, and we're back in about 1914. Lenin is competing with the Dadaists in Zurich for Beast of the Bourgeoisie honors, the anarchists are plotting to assassinate monarchs all over Europe, the old empires—Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman—are laboring to hold it all together, the Balkans are seething with ethnic conflict, Germany and Italy are trying to define their destinies as the young nations of the old continent, everyone is running after real estate in Africa, and the Americans are living in blissful isolation at the other end of the world, tending to domestic affairs and hoping that the rot will not contaminate them. This is the end of the century of "total peace," the interlude between the bloody eighteenth century—which ended at Waterloo—and the century of total war. French anti-Semites are bloodied but unbowed by the exoneration of Captain Dreyfus, while German and Austrian anti-Semites gather converts, laying the groundwork for the tidal wave of racial hatred that will come after the Great War. And throughout the old continent, the merchants of death design, build, and export newer and more efficient weapons, including, for the first time, chemical weapons of mass destruction.

Sound familiar? The Europeans have forgotten nothing, and learned nothing. All the old hatreds are still there, and they're busy avenging real and imagined ancestors at the same time that the elegant and overpaid bureaucrats sit around the tables in Brussels, mopping up their *moûles marinières* with their crusty baguettes, pondering deeply their future as the planet's latest and greatest superpower, The New Europe. The European Community has thousands of wines, hundreds of cheeses, farmers who riot at the thought of selling their produce at market prices, and they can't find the wit or the will to stop Serbs from slaughtering Bosnians and other Serbs just next door, even though the last time the Serbs went hyper, the First World War was required to calm them down.

With unruly children like these, stern discipline is required, and the rod was not spared in the past fifty-odd years. Fear of the Soviet Union and respect for hundreds of thousands of American troops compelled the Europeans to be on good behavior, and occasionally to face reality. But no sooner did the Iron Curtain come down than they raced pell-mell into Fantasyland.

The Germans went megalo, assuming that their capacity to generate wealth was so great that they could painless-

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ly absorb their poor relations to the east. But unification was A Good Thing only so long as the Easterners stayed in their zone and didn't clutter up the good neighborhoods in the old Federal Republic. To keep the twain from meeting, the Westerners were prepared to pay for housing, for unemployment, for retraining, above all for immobility. This was the same policy that the Italians had so disastrously adopted for their own south, but if the Germans noticed, they probably dismissed the comparison out of hand. After all, what relevance could Italian history have for them? They should have paid attention; just as the recession reached the Rhine, they found themselves strapped for cash (when you have to fork out upwards of 150 billion Deutschemarks a year for five to ten years, you tend to get a bit short).

So, like good Europeans, they decided to spread the misery to their neighbors and raised interest rates to Valhalla, sucking up all the liquid capital in sight and funneling it eastward. This gave the rest of Europe a severe case of indigestion: they had either to raise their own interest rates (thereby strangling any hopes of economic recovery), or devalue their money (thereby wrecking the scheme for an integrated European currency). The Brits and the Italians, fancying themselves just as smart as the Germans, tried both. This quite naturally created a panic that savaged the pound sterling and the lira. Shortly thereafter the Spanish peseta and the Swedish crown followed suit, leaving monetary integration a shambles.

Monetary integration was supposed to pave the way to political unification (or at least political federation). Neither is in the cards for the near future, and right now the vision of the new Europe is so unattractive that the Swiss voted to stay out of the Common Market. But you wouldn't know it from the public rhetoric; they've become so wacky that the New Europeans have agreed to let the Danes reject the terms of integration in order to "keep them in." The Byzantines couldn't have said it any better.

Meanwhile, the barbarians at the gate want in, and this presents the New Europeans with a problem of epic proportions. From Portugal around to Italy, hundreds of thousands of impoverished Arabs and sub-Saharan Africans are clamoring for entry. The center is besieged by refugees from ex-Yugoslavia (Germany alone has taken over a quarter of a million of these unhappy souls) and the USS-were. And the Brits have to cope with the pleas of those escaping from the unhappier reaches of the Commonwealth, from Hong Kong to India. These are all unwelcome guests, and all the West Europeans are busily passing restrictive immigration laws. Moreover, in another dramatic setback to the vision of The New Europe, there will be no elimination of customs and immigration borders at the start of '93. All of them want to be sure they keep out the unwashed.

When you've got enemies without, it's only a matter of time before you find lots of them within, and so it's not surprising to see outbreaks of other-bashing, whether it's torching Turks in Germany or mauling Moroccans or Albanians in Italy or bashing the ragheads in France. Some of the bashers have tried to give a bit of political gloss to their activities by calling themselves Nazis and dressing up in movie surplus costumes, but even the most hysterical fear-mongers are going to have trouble selling the idea that Hitler's making a comeback. In fact, the big news in Rome was that a group of young Jews had trashed the Nazis' headquarters and beaten up some of the storm troopers there, and some Jewish leaders were feeling a bit guilty about it. We are not living through the opening scenes of the rise and fall of the Fourth Reich, but we are almost certainly watching the disintegration of The New Europe.

It does not take an atomic scientist to figure out why The New Europe arrived stillborn; the major culprit is the great democratic revolution, which has thrown a spanner into the global works. As I've been arguing lo these many years, the people in most countries have figured out that bureaucracy is their enemy, and that the powers of the state need to be drastically curtailed. The New Europe, whatever else it was supposed to be, would have funded several new layers of bureaucrats, provoked a metastasis of regulation, and greatly diminished individual freedom and enterprise. The New Europe looked like an acceptable idea only so long as there was a Soviet Union on the other side of the line, for one could justify a big European state in order to protect Europeans against the big enemy. Absent the threat, The New Europe becomes much less attractive.

The second reason for the brief life of The New Europe is less pleasant: we are still in 1914, with all the centuries-old hatreds at full burn. Nationalism, presumed to have died (a few years after God was buried) en route to the new world order, has shown an unexpected vitality, along with its cousins, chauvinism and xenophobia. And that nationalism—which, with the collapse of the external threat, becomes more and more narrow in its focus—merges with the anti-state passions to produce calls for greater local autonomy (like the Catalans) or downright secession (like the Lombard League's call to saw Italy in half just north of Rome, and float the southern part down to North Africa). The map that the lunatic Woodrow Wilson drafted along with Lloyd George and Clemenceau after the First World War is undone, at long last. Hopefully we will understand that Wilson's enterprise was a colossal blunder, the result of American patrician hubris run amok.

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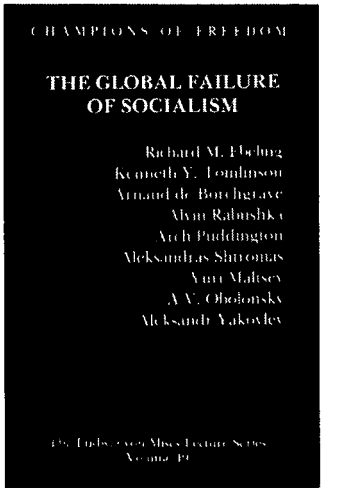

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The third cause of all the trouble is us. Bush and Baker never got a grip on the revolutionary nature of this period, and so, just when our moment came and the whole world looked to Washington for guidance, we abdicated. Foreign policy became personalized (as in the embarrassing "Save Gorby" campaign), and we actually counseled Europeans to order the waves to retreat (as in the "Chicken Kiev" speech when Bush told Ukrainians to abandon their "impossible dreams" of independence). Worst of all, we failed to hector the Europeans into action when it was most desperately needed (as in the Yugoslav mess).

It may be too late for us to get a grip on things European, but there is an outside chance if the new administration shows real leadership. There is—as there has been all along—every reason to do so, for our nation has proved to be more successful than their nations. We have understood two great principles upon which successful national life must rest: freedom of the individual is paramount to all but the most urgent needs of the state; and the proper basis for legitimacy is citizenship, not membership in a particular ethnic, racial, or religious group. With rare exceptions, the European nation-states have not embraced these principles. They believe that *raison d'état* is paramount in virtually all cases, and their people tend to be exceedingly homogeneous. Such variations as do exist give rise to separatist demands, which shows the premium they put on homogeneity.

If they're going to get through the current crisis—for crisis it is—the Europeans, east and west, are going to have to rethink their national identities, and move toward our more profound understanding of what makes a modern democratic society work best. It would be difficult even under optimum conditions, and the current economic problems are going to make it even harder. But it's worth a try, not least of all because, in working with them, we will inevitably remind ourselves of our own basic values. Given the Europe-envy that plagues so many of the members of our own cultural elite, we could do with a strong dose of Americanism ourselves. ❐

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Berkeley Barbs

On November 30, 1992, an editorial in the Wall Street Journal *brought national attention to another controversy at the University of California-Berkeley. It arose when the student editors at the* Daily Californian *overruled their advertising manager to reject a 12-page insert from the Berkeley Students for Life. The following contributions to the affair from* Daily Cal *editor-in-chief Virginia Matzek might be said to rest on the premise that diversity is bad for business in a model liberal community:*

If you're a typical *Daily Cal* reader, you're probably pro-choice, and you're definitely savvy enough to recognize an outright attempt to mislead you. And we believed that, if you picked up the *Daily Cal* and this piece of slime dropped out of it, you would wonder why we had been willing to accept money to mislead you. And we are nothing without our readers.

—*Virginia Matzek, writing in the* Daily Californian, *December 2, 1992*

Matzek had written to Berkeley Students for Life on November 11, comparing their ad to one that had claimed the Holocaust didn't happen and calling it similarly "misleading and offensive." Note that she construes the word free *in* free speech *to mean not "unrestricted" but "gratis":*

Berkeley Students for Life
c/o Theresa Peyton
Berkeley, CA 94704

Dear Members:

After the *Daily Cal*'s refusal of your advertising insert last month, Theresa Peyton asked me to write a letter to you explaining our reasons, which I agreed to do. Unfortunately, I got distracted in the days immediately following that conversation and forgot all about my promise. I apologize for not following up immediately, and hope you will forgive the lateness of this response.

First of all, a little context: the Senior Editorial Board, made up of 11 *Daily Cal* editors ranging from editor in chief to the staff representative, has the power to interpret and enforce the corporation's advertising policy, which bans various types of ads, including "misleading" ones. Among the ads that we have regularly banned in the past are recruiting ads for the CIA, cigarette ads, Coors beer ads (because of their anti-union policies) and ads for pornographic materials. There is no ban on ads with political content, but some controversial political ads have been refused in the past. For example, we ran two full-page ads in the same day last semester, one in favor of animal rights and another defending animal research. However, a full-page ad purporting to "prove that the Holocaust was a hoax" did not pass muster.

There were several reasons for the refusal of your insert.

The first problem was the ad's format. The insert, though labeled "paid advertising" in small letters, was formulated to resemble newspaper style, with newspaper-style "stories" and graphics, and a typeface and headline style similar to that of the *Daily Cal*. . . .

The fact that the advertisement was in the form of an insert was also of great concern to the editors. We frequently publish inserts of our own . . . [and] did not want readers to associate the insert with *Daily Cal*-produced news copy.

The primary reason, however, was financial. The insert was worth, approximately, $1,600 to us in revenue, and at this paper, that's nothing to sneeze at. Nonetheless, we recognize that most of our readers, on and off campus, are pro-choice, and likely to be greatly offended by the insert. I myself was offended by what I considered overly graphic photos, misleading text, and questionable statistics.

In itself, our being offended is not reason enough to refuse the ad. But we have to be concerned about the paper's image and its perception in the community, not least for financial reasons. The scenario we imagine was of a typical *Daily Cal* reader picking up the paper, seeing this insert drop out, and associating that point of view with the *Daily Cal*. Simply put, that is not something we can afford.

There was long and impassioned debate about "free speech" when we discussed the ad. Some of you may be thinking in terms of "censorship" and wondering how a newspaper can be in favor of the First Amendment right to free speech and yet refuse to distribute the ad.

I submit for your consideration the fact that this is not about *free* speech, but about *paid* speech. Our opinion page and guest column are open to pieces from a variety of view points about virtually any subject, provided they are well-written, topical, and not overly repetitive of other points of view previously printed in the paper. In fact, since the pro-life viewpoint (like the Republican viewpoint and the pro-death penalty viewpoint) is in the minority in Berkeley, we consider it especially important to get it into our pages. We are generally hindered in that effort by the small number of people who are willing to sign their names to that sort of thing in this town. . . .

There are many parallels here with the "Holocaust hoax" ad. It, too, was in newspaper style with a headline font that matched ours exactly. It, too, was regarded as misleading and offensive by the staff. And it, too, was judged to be paid speech that we didn't want to accept money for. . . .

Sincerely yours,
Virginia Matzek
Editor in Chief

Editors' note: On December 4, 1992, Express, *a Berkeley weekly, reported: "In hindsight, Matzek feels that she was set up by Berkeley Students for Life president Theresa Peyton, who, she says, repeatedly insisted on a* written *explanation for the rejection of her ad."* ❐

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Help!

by Benjamin J. Stein

Monday

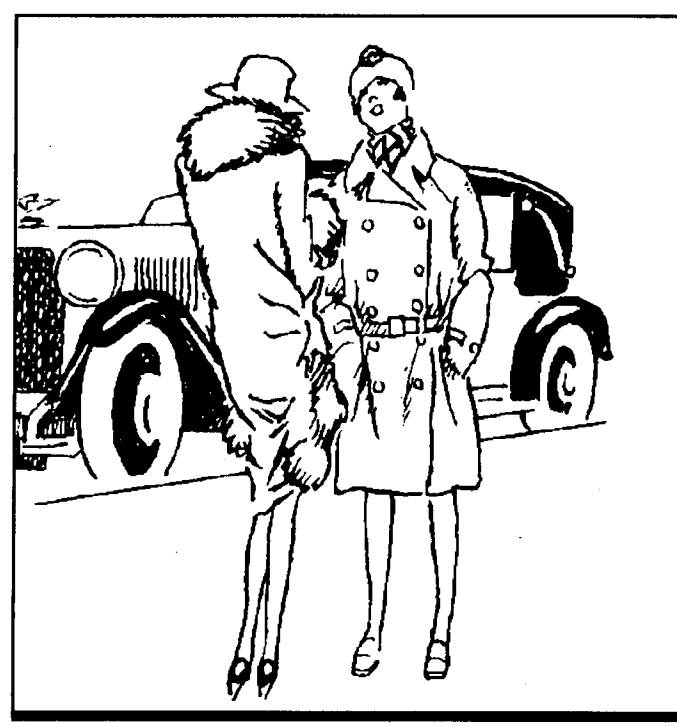
A meeting of my self-help group, Journey Into Self-Obsession. A young man across the room from me, Bill G., has a story to tell. "A guy I used to do drugs with, a guy named Warren, wanted to go down to Culver City, near what used to be MGM, to buy some crack. So his friend Sammy was driving him, and they went to the corner where the crack dealers hang out, and Warren says he wants a rock, and the dealer says, 'Okay, that's fifteen,' and Warren hesitates a minute and says, 'Hey, it's always ten,' and starts to reach for his wallet, and 'BOOM,' the dealer takes out a pistol and shoots him in the chest.

"So Warren is bleeding all over the car and moaning, and there's Brotman Hospital right near the MGM lot, only the streets are all triangular and weird in Culver City, and Sammy's totally lost, and then he sees a whole block filled with police cars with their sirens going and their lights flashing, and he pulls over to a guy in a Highway Patrol outfit, and says he's got a guy who's shot in the car, and it turns out that it's just a location! They're shooting a movie, the guy's an extra, and he doesn't have a clue about anything.

"Meanwhile, Warren's stopped making any noise, and Brotman is only a few feet away, and the emergency room's full of shooting cases, and the nurses won't even look up, and when he finally gets someone to get Warren, Warren is dead."

Bill G., who can't be more than 25, looked sorrowfully around the dark ex-classroom we use for our meeting. He toyed with his thick ponytail, and then he started to cry. "It's like this whole city's playing a Street Fighter or a Ninja video game, and without any warning, we've just switched to the next higher level, where it's a lot more violent, and a lot more unforgiving, and things happen faster."

At the end of our Journey session, some of us said a prayer for Warren, and then we talked about the way things are in Los Angeles. If the real estate bust ever ended, half of the city would just move out. To Idaho, or maybe Montana. Or somewhere far from crack dealers.



Afterward, I walked up the stairs to the tiny Point Dume, Malibu library. It's just one small classroom with a few hundred books, some magazines, books on tape, and librarians who know every customer's name. It's no longer open, though, and the librarian who came by told me the county had closed the Point Dume library for good. "Libraries are a low priority," the friendly woman said. "No money for reading anymore. People can just watch TV, I guess."

I'll miss that library. It had good books on tape for the long drive into town. It had a warm, cheery vibe. I could sit on a chair and read a magazine while I waited for a meeting or ducked in out of the rain. Just another little outpost of civilization lost as the game ratchets up and gets meaner and more unforgiving.

On the way back to my house, I stopped at the grocery store in Trancas. It was surrounded by Mexican day laborers looking for work, as usual. Inside, there were few shoppers. At the checkout counter, I read about rumors that the U.S. was about to send in troops to keep the peace in Somalia. I also read about how a TV big shot in more southerly Malibu, about twenty miles from here, had been attacked in his home by four transients who beat him and left him for dead.

Maybe we in Los Angeles could appeal to the United Nations for an international peace-keeping force. As far as I can tell, we no longer have a mayor or county government, at least none that does anything to protect us. I doubt if we can count on Bill Clinton. Maybe a team of Turks and Brazilians

Benjamin J. Stein, author most recently of A License to Steal: The Untold Story of Michael Milken and the Conspiracy to Bilk the Nation *(Simon & Schuster), is is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.*

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and Dutch could ride around the county in armored cars and give us a little law and order.

I wonder how I apply to the Security Council for some help.

Tuesday

Back in town at the Shoreham Towers, I was walking Miss Trixie when I came upon Dotty, my partly disabled friend. She had just returned from a trip to Germany, Switzerland, and Italy to visit her beau, an aging rock star.

"I loved Munich," she said as she walked her dog, Lysistrata, and made little cooing noises. She's 30, but a beautiful, blonde, sunny-looking 30. "I loved Munich, but did you know that during World War II, the Germans killed a lot of Jews? Is that why Jews don't like Germans?"

"I hope this is one of your jokes," I said.

"No, it's true," Dotty said. "There's this place outside Munich called 'Dachau,' and it's this horrible-looking place where they used to take Jews and work them to death and do horrible experiments on them, and it's really creepy. Have you ever heard of it?"

"Dotty, it's shameful that you didn't know about this until a few days ago. Dachau is a central fact of the century, maybe of man's existence on the planet."

Dorothy looked genuinely sad, and didn't give me her patented sneer, as she often does. "I know," she said. "God, I hope that if I ever have children, they won't be as dumb as I am."

"That's a good thought," I said.

"I didn't let that Dachau place get me down, though. On our way back to Munich, we saw a whole bunch of beautiful horse farms and wildflowers, and that cheered me right up again."

"Well, then, your day wasn't a total loss."

"Exactly," Dotty agreed. "But, wow, people there in Europe do some bad things."

Wednesday

A trip to Denver, Colorado, to perform in a TV commercial for City of Denver tourism. Snow was falling lightly on the airport as our plane touched down. It was lovely. A young producer met me at the gate. His wife, the author of the commercial, had made brownies for me. See, that's what I keep saying. When you get away from New York and Washington and L.A., people out there in America are incredibly kind and sweet. There's a whole nation that isn't mean, somewhere east of Palm Springs and west of Passaic and Alexandria.

I stayed in a famous hotel called the Brown Palace, a triangular building in downtown Denver. It's decorated in 1950s modern, with a lot of glass brick and square, almost Bauhaus chairs and sofas. It used to be Dwight Eisenhower's summer White House, and I could easily imagine Mamie Doud strolling down the hall in a full skirt and white gloves while Dwight practiced with a putter in the hall.

Dinner with my producer host and then with the liaison from the Denver tourism board. We ate in a small restaurant with a nautical motif.

"We're getting totally hammered by the gays and lesbians because of this new ballot measure," the convention official said. "Colorado is the only state in the union which now has as part of its state law that you can't have a cause of action if you're fired because of 'sexual orienta-

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tion.' It's really not fair, because Denver voted against the measure by two to one, and all the other places in the state except for Aspen are the ones who passed it, only we get all the blame."

"Hmmm," I said. "That sounds serious."

"Well, we've already had a few convention cancellations, but we've also gained a few conventions from fundamentalist groups, so maybe it all evens out." He paused over his soup and asked me what it was like being a writer.

"It's a great job," I said, "but it's a little lonely, and you often feel as if everyone has friends except you."

"I tried to be a freelance novelist," he said. "I tried to make up plots by smoking a lot of cigarettes and trying to make up novel ways to kill people. I would do that for hours, and I came up with some pretty good ways, but I decided that it probably wasn't for me, anyway."

I went back to my room and returned some calls. It's amazing to me how many women call me. My calls are almost all from women. Women agents, women magazine editors, women who love me, women who hate me, women relatives, women bill collectors. It's pretty amazing. I guess all the men are out at some big fraternity of successful men that I didn't get to join because I used to work for Nixon.

I fell asleep and dreamed that I saw Dwight Eisenhower in plus-fours and Richard Nixon as a young man sitting at a desk studying some document about building highways. I felt safe there with Eisenhower's ghost.

Thursday

Here I am on the set, playing a teacher talking about Denver. It's fun. I'm the only actor in the spot. They've built a little schoolroom set, and I'm pretending I don't know anything about Denver and telling whopping lies about there being no decent restaurants or places to stay in Denver. After several hard hours of work, I was released to my room. I changed clothes and came roaring back to the same studio, a TV station actually, to appear on a talk show called "Good Afternoon Colorado."

The show had a startling number of clips of my little acting jobs, and the host and hostess were kind—except when the hostess hefted my book about Michael Milken and said, "Financial fraud? It sounds really *bo*-ring."

Well, I guess such aplomb and tact is what gets her the big dollar.

On the return flight on Continental—a very much underrated airline—I sat next to a lovely middle-aged blonde woman. She told me she was a marketing executive from E-Systems, whatever that is. She lives in Denver. She and her hubby used to live in Los Angeles. "We're so glad we got out," she said. "You can't imagine how much money we made on our house on the beach when we sold in 1990. After that, it all went to hell. I pity the people who bought then."

"That's when I bought," I said, looking pitiful.

She looked at me with acute pity. She drank several swallows of her gin-and-tonic and said, "In ten years, it'll be back to where it was."

"Ten years? How would you know that?"

"I just know it," she said. "I can tell."

I started to sniffle softly into my ice water. She patted my hand. "It might be only eight years," she said. "I hope you don't have a big mortgage."

Friday

Lunch at Talesai with my pal Michael, a moderately high official of the Bush Administration who's going to lose his job. We sat at a corner table where no one could hear us as we talked and ate our Pad Thai and chicken with cashews.

"I have a great idea for you," I said. "In these last couple of months, start planning a conference on great achievements in American culture by minority women."

"What's the point?" Michael asked.

"The point is that when the lord high executioner strolls down the hall to ask for your desk, you can then say, 'Well, fine, but I'm going straight to Maureen Dowd with the story about how the Hillary Clinton administration stopped funding of an international conference about the achievements of multicultural women.' That should keep you on the job a few months longer, at least."

Michael chewed thoughtfully, but was obviously not buying. "I meant to get your thoughts on what I should do after I leave government," he said. "Maybe I should become a consultant."

"Come to Hollywood," I said. "Come to the private sector. Republicans are always talking about how great private enterprise is, but I notice that the ones who talk about it the most are the ones with foundation money paying the mortgage. How are conservatives ever going to have any influence on the media if they don't come out here where mass culture lives and breathes?"

"I was in Hollywood for a while," Michael said. "It was a hard grind."

"It's supposed to be a hard grind," I said. "It's a hard grind for the liberals, too. 'You can't win if you're not at the table.' Joan Didion said that. It's true. Come to the table. If there were major brainos in conservative thought hustling and pitching and writing all day, pretty soon they'd make an impression. Come out here and bring Bill Kristol and John Podhoretz with you. We shall overcome."

Monday

You want genius? I'll give you genius. I picked Tommy and Mommy up at the airport. Tommy asked me what was new at the beach.

"I have an attack of rats," I said truthfully. "They leave their wretched droppings all over the house."

"Why don't you kill them, Daddy?"

"Because they're so damned clever," I said. "They take the bait right out of the rat trap, it springs shut, and they aren't caught."

"Why don't you use poison?"

"Because I don't know what the rats want to eat. I tried putting out various kinds of poison, and that didn't work. I don't know what rats want with their poison."

"Why not try what the rats eat out of the traps? We know they like that food."

See? I told you. A Daniel come to judgment. How I love that boy. ❐

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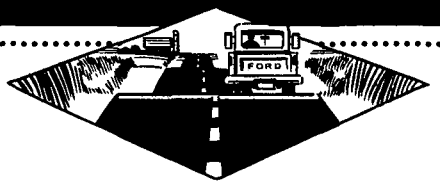

Fight to the *Fanoosh*

by Edward Conlon

Editors' note: *Last month, Robert J. Powers, Col., USAF (Ret.), a Bronx native now resident in Louisiana, wrote our crime correspondent Edward Conlon, also a native of the Bronx, to describe a trip home some years ago. Col. Powers had been shocked by the desolation he saw, except in Bronx's Little Italy, a thriving, peaceful, prosperous inner-city neighborhood that centers on Arthur Avenue. How such an oasis can continue to flourish in the Bronx is a mystery, and the only explanation Col. Powers had ever heard was from* New York Daily News *columnist Bill Reel, who attributed it to* fanoosh. *Unfortunately, Reel never defined what* fanoosh *was, and Col. Powers hoped that Edward Conlon could offer a definition. Here Mr. Conlon replies:*

One of the rules of thumb of ethnic organized crime is that criminals and victims belong chiefly to the same ethnic group. La Cosa Nostra may well be an exception to this rule, given the age, size, and sophistication of the organization, to the extent that their non-Italian victims may outnumber their Italian ones. Moreover, the quality-of-life crimes that are the most obvious signs of neighborhood decline—the purse-snatchings, muggings, and burglaries—are the work of young individuals or loose groups, and La Cosa Nostra probably is a decisive factor in the low levels of these activities in their own neighborhoods. The "protection" offered a local merchant is a fraud and a crime; the security afforded a little old lady crossing the street is quite real. Jimmy Breslin recently wrote, however, of several neighbors of John Gotti who had been beaten and robbed in their own homes, and were archly dismissive of the idea that his influence was any real guarantor of order.

Colonel Powers will be delighted to know that, for whatever reasons, Arthur Avenue still thrives. I recently undertook an expedition there, in the company of a Miss Tierney from County Cavan, in order to glean the meaning of the term *fanoosh*. The Sicilian dialect has many Arabic and Greek words, and criminal slang presents additional problems: usage can be local and ephemeral, and outsiders often simply get it wrong. Mrs. Ann Catania Rowland of Brooklyn has conjectured, quite plausibly, that it is a variation of *finuto*, or "finished," "an end," which gives a nice sense of where the buck stops.

Miss Tierney had never been in a real Italian restaurant, and we chose well for both food and realism. As we ate, I hoped for an opportunity to delicately inquire of the term while making clear that my curiosity was strictly academic.

Such an opportunity presented itself, I thought, in the men's room, where our waiter was finishing his business as I began mine.

"Hold on a second, I got a question for you," I said, attempting to face him, in a slender gesture of respect. "Somebody asked me, find out what the word *fanoosh* means. I don't mean who it means, I mean what it means, just the word, *fanoosh*."

He seemed a bit startled, and pressed for further details about why I wanted to know. I was affable, if somewhat oblique.

He paused for a moment. "It's a vegetable."

"A vegetable?"

"Like you eat, a vegetable."

"Oh."

"We got 'em upstairs, inna kitchen."

"Tell you what, when I come up, you show me one."

Back at the table, as Miss Tierney and I finished our meals, the waiter returned with a large green leek on a tray.

"No thank you, just coffee," said Miss Tierney, visibly confused. The waiter and I examined the leek until we were both satisfied it was on the up and up, and there it would have ended had not the owner arrived, with several other waiters in tow.

"What are you asking, why'd you want to know this?" he asked, in a grave voice, barely polite. His eyes narrowed.

I went through the same flim-flam I had given the waiter in the bathroom; the owner was unsatisfied.

"Look, I'm a writer. Somebody wrote me to ask this. This guy's from the Bronx, he grew up here but he's not back in forty years, since the War, God knows, so this guy, he's back in the Bronx, he's up and down the Concourse,

Edward Conlon is a writer living in the Bronx.

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he's shocked, he's horrified, the crime, the drugs, the burnt-out buildings, he—"

At this point, Colonel, I should add that I did not use your name.

"All of a sudden, he hits Arthur Avenue. Boom! The streets are clean, the stores are nice, bakeries, old ladies, Mary on the half-shell in the front yards, the restaurants—the striped bass, fantastic, by the way—and he wants to know why. And his friend says it's the *fanoosh*. Now I know what he means and I don't care who he means, whoever, I have the greatest respect for these people, I don't know who they are, don't care, all I know is dammit, it's unfair what they say in the media. So just *fanoosh*, what the word means, is all I want to know."

"There are two meanings for this word *fanoosh*," the owner explained, rather coldly. "One is 'fruit,' like the leek, from *finocchio*, the fruit. The other is, like you say, 'fruit,' meaning gay. Like, liking men. There are only two meanings for this word. Which one do you mean?"

"I must mean a third meaning"—and thus I launched into the Rowland theory of "finished," citing Grimm's law and the stormy history of Sicily in support.

The first waiter interrupted with nervous laughter.

"Oh, yeah, that's what he mean to say, he just says the Bronx, it's finished."

"Maybe, but he meant this neighborhood, which is nice."

"Right, nice, but finished."

"I mean the opposite."

"Right."

"Exactly."

"So, you want dessert?"

"No, we're all *fanoosh*."

All shook their heads and walked away. The thought crossed Miss Tierney's mind as well, I'm sure of it.

And so, Colonel, I hope you appreciate the trouble I took on your lexicographer's errand. *Fanoosh*, it seems, has many meanings. It can be a root vegetable, or forbidden love, or a combination of the two, the Leek That Dare Not Speak Its Name. But I really don't think the owner's concern was whether I had pinched the sommelier in the gents'. Which brings us to the final definition of the term, which, oddly enough, is the same as all others in the Mafia glossary. *Fanoosh* means "None of your damn business." So don't ask me again. ❐

RUSSIA WATCH

Evil Emperors

by Cathy Young

Moscow

In late September, Russia marked the 600th anniversary of the death of the Orthodox saint, Father Sergius of Radonezh. The saint gazed balefully at frazzled Muscovites from giant posters on some of the capital's most prominent buildings, and banners that read REVEREND FATHER SERGIUS, PRAY TO GOD FOR US went up over numerous streets. In a battered city, these words had the ring of a desperate plea for help.

Sergei Potapov, a remarkable Moscow artist whose works recall Hieronymus Bosch, has a series of etchings showing the new Russian revolution as an apocalyptic carnival. Indeed, wandering through the wreckage of the Former Soviet Union, one is struck by the grotesque, tacky surrealism of it all, a mix of late Fellini and "Saturday Night Live." There's the nightly "astrological forecast" on the Russia channel, immediately following the weather on the 11 o'clock news (*Tauruses and Scorpios should schedule business meetings for the early afternoon; Leos and Capricorns, look out for new investment opportunities; for Libras, a rendezvous this evening may signal the start of a new romance*). TV also offers the "Allan Chumak Show" on Tuesday nights: for half an hour, a smooth, well-groomed, silver-haired gentleman in a suede jacket makes various motions with his hands, which is supposed to heal ailments and bring internal peace, but only if you sit very still in front of the tube and concentrate.

And then there is the renaming process: the innocuous Khudozhestvennogo Teatra (Art Theater) Lane has reverted to the vaguely monarchist Kamergersky (Courtier's) Lane, but Lenin Avenue remains. One day I found myself outside the Lenin Library metro station—also unrenamed—having to ask for directions to Marx-Engels Street. A woman said, wide-eyed, "There actually is such a street?" It felt slightly awkward, like asking for directions to an X-rated movie theater.

Which reminds me that I did see an X-rated film in Moscow—a screening of Bob Guccione's notorious *Caligula*. As the hall sank into darkness, an off-screen voice boomed, "*CALIGULA!* WINNER OF THE 'GOLDEN BEAR' AWARD AT THE YAROSLAVL FILM FESTIVAL! THE MOST SPECTACULAR MOTION PICTURE OF ALL TIMES AND ALL NATIONS OF THE CIS!"—an announcement met by a gale of laughter from the audience. *Caligula*'s Russian distributors were still sufficiently in thrall to their Soviet upbringing to have vestiges of belief that a film—especially one with violent pornography—had to have some redeeming social value; at least that's the only way I can explain the history lesson to which the viewers were subjected before the fun could begin. A dorky professor in an office with books and a video monitor came on screen to talk about the Roman Empire, stressing the relevance of Roman jurisprudence to Russia's present-day endeavor to achieve the rule of law. This little lecture was illustrated by scenes from the film—naked bodies twisted in various combinations—playing on the monitor. In the film itself, a male voice-over translated all the dialogue, including screams of "I am your

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loyal servant! Please don't kill me!" in a stolid monotone.

Unfortunately, just as the occult craze here is a parody of spiritual revival and the porn explosion a degraded form of sexual reassertion, Russia's burgeoning capitalism is of a peculiarly warped variety. The common practice of state-appointed managers bravely converting government properties into "joint-stock companies" has led people to use the word "privatize" as a synonym for "steal," as in, "On the bus yesterday, somebody *privatized* my wallet." A store owner said to be an honest businessman described his adjustment to the capitalist way: "I need to get used to the fact that I have to cheat someone if it's to my advantage."

A few other businessmen and women—who may have had shadowy connections to government/mafia structures—complained that exorbitant taxes, an unstable financial system, and other uncertainties were keeping entrepreneurs from investing in production or even services; almost exclusively, Russian *biznes* consists of buying and selling. While the rules on buying or leasing commercial space are still in the realm of mystery, and many former government stores simply stand empty, vending stalls spring up on every block. Their wares are eclectic in the extreme: American candy bars, shoes, deodorants, liquors, underwear, made-in-Taiwan electrical appliances, and even 15-kopeck coins, two for three rubles. (Pay phones use 15-kopeck coins—and with prices mostly in three figures, small change is rapidly becoming an endangered species; some vendors won't even accept one- or three-ruble notes.) Many kiosks sport "Will Buy $, DM" signs, even though private exchange of currency remains technically illegal.

Legality and illegality, of course, are murky concepts. A recent order by Moscow mayor Yuri Luzhkov banning trade on the old Arbat, the pedestrian mall that has become a souvenir gallery, had no effect on the rows of tables laden with gaudy nesting dolls, lacquer boxes, amber jewelry, and Soviet military wares. The police occasionally hassle someone, but the matter is normally resolved the old-fashioned way, through profit-sharing.

Even the most devout free-marketeers among my Russian acquaintances view "kiosk capitalism" with ambivalence. "On the one hand," scholar and political commentator Leonid Batkin told me, "people are getting used to new concepts related to the market. On the other hand, people are getting used to identifying the market with something crappy: anarchy and a declining quality of life." There is widespread, largely non-ideological mistrust of kiosk wares, an attitude the "No Returns" signs in every window do little to allay. There are stories of food poisoning and of brandy bottles containing methyl alcohol—or, at best, watered-down brandy. Since all the kiosks look alike, all as a class get the blame for a bad purchase. And then, of course, there are the prices, which suggest an American town with Bloomingdale's as the only store and Maxim's as the only restaurant. I saw a middle-aged, slightly overweight couple stop by a kiosk and giggle—not hysterically but almost merrily—as they pointed out the prices to each other.

"Our prices do not rise more than 5 percent a month!" boasted an ad for electronic appliances. Salaries rise too, erratically; many a phone conversation between friends opens with, "So, how much are they paying you these days?" The person at the other end of the line doesn't necessarily know the answer. My hostess, who teaches college-level math, started the fall term wondering if her monthly pay would be in the range of 4,000 or 7,000 rubles. It had been only 2,600 the previous term—but they had been able to get by because, in the summer, she had been issued a lump-sum payment four times the amount of her salary to make up for inflation. (A bit later, though, she mentioned that she and her husband, a clerk at the State Property Committee, had depleted their savings and borrowed from friends to buy their pianist daughter a 55,000-ruble ticket to Portugal, where she had been invited for a piano competition.)

The mixed blessings of snail-paced privatization only add more confusion. My school chum Rita and her mother were wary of privatizing their two-bedroom apartment because they had no idea what kind of taxes they'd be paying on it. They also had a November 22 deadline to buy out the land at their country home (less than a quarter of an acre) at a special low price; but notice of the deadline had been posted inconspicuously, and filing the application required much time-consuming paperwork and inspections. Those who missed the deadline would have to pay at exorbitant rates to buy or lease the land.

Despite these bewildering goings-on, I saw only scant evidence of any pro-Communist backlash. Some people do leave flowers at the Lenin bust still standing in the Borovitskaya metro station; there was also an occasional carnation for revolutionary commissar Mikhail Frunze at the station bearing his name. One Sunday afternoon, I wandered into a whole crowd of *kommunyaki*—the pejorative Russian equivalent of "Commies"—outside the Lenin Museum, an elegant red-brick four-story mansion whose top floor is now leased out to a modeling agency. About two hun-

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dred people were milling about, some of them onlookers hoping to be entertained. There were posters: THE CPSU HAD ITS FAULTS BUT IT NEVER BETRAYED THE INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE, in huge black letters against the background of a crimson Soviet state seal; a gigantic, 1920s agitprop–style muscular worker smashing fat little capitalists with a hammer; also, a crucifix with the inscription, CHRIST WAS A COMMUNIST (Lenin would have hated that) and a handwritten sign urging people to stay away from TV, radio, and the movies, as all these are controlled by *zhidy*, "kikes." Hard-line Communism ain't what it used to be.

A gray-haired bag-lady ranted against "the Yeltsin clique," seconded by a pie-eyed, puny fellow in a torn coat and surrounded by a half-dozen listeners. "What can we do!" a stocky *babushka* sighed. "Even now, they have their guns trained on us back there!"—motioning so dramatically that I couldn't help looking back, but there were no guns, only two men trying to fix a stalled trolley-bus. Little groups clustered around debaters (*First middle-aged woman:* "Just you wait, your democrats will hike the prices till we all croak together!" *Second middle-aged woman, with cool sarcasm:* "Well, at least it'll be nice to croak in such good company!"). Out of curiosity, I got involved in one of these debates, with a sixtyish Leninist who claimed there had never been any food lines before Gorbachev and *perestroika*. Having lived in Russia in the 1970s, I remembered it a little differently, but there was no convincing her; I was either lying, she cried, or brainwashed by the radio.

Another time, I threw a 25-ruble note into the collection box of a long-haired balladeer who sang in a busy pedestrian underpass by a metro station entrance, accompanied by an accordion player and a percussionist; and *then*, I heard what he was singing:

I remember old Lenny Brezhnev,
And I remember those stagnant times:
There was vodka and there was herring,
And cheap sausage, as much as you'd need . . .
Those were the days, yes indeed!

Nonetheless, among ordinary people, there is an instinctive revulsion against the old Communist rulers. The most frequent complaint heard about the "democrats" is not that they have betrayed Communism but that, by and large, the same people are still in power. "Oh, what fools the Commies made of us!" a fiftyish man who gave me a ride one day ranted, as the realization crept up on me that he was a little tipsy. "For seventy years they pulled the wool over our eyes! And we worked for them our whole lives like sheep!" He was, he said, a construction engineer who had worked on such projects as the Ministry of Defense building. "And what do I have to show for it? I have nothing! These days I have to make money on the side by picking up passengers in the street!" (I wanted to point out that he did have a nice new car, but then I thought the better of it.) "And who do you think is in power now? Who do you think has the money? It's still the same people! Who do you think I'm building houses for? A general's daughter here, a minister's brother there."

The fall of Communism has become a fact of life, even to those who did not welcome it. An MTV-style music video program features a rock-'n'-roll arrangement of the old Soviet anthem and Soviet-era news footage (parades, leaders waving to crowds, fireworks over the Kremlin), interspersed with shots of the performers: exuberant jazz pianist in white, Beatles-like foursome with guitars, boy and girl in leather-and-spike outfits. A commercial uses grainy, jerky, black-and-white film from the revolutionary era—Lenin addressing a crowd, workers marching with huge banners—as a mock primer in advertising techniques (*"Find a simple message and present it clearly"*).

A not particularly affluent teacher said to me, "You know, tough as things are, it's not as dreary as it was a year ago when there were just empty stores. Prices are high, but at least you're not confronted with this depressing sight of bare shelves every time you walk into a shop." Some realize that Russia is, after all, becoming more like the "normal society" of the reformers' dreams—a society in which what you can have is determined by the amount of money in your pocket rather than connections, and goods are no longer hunted down but simply bought. Or wistfully gazed at.

My own impression was that the city did seem less depressing than a year ago. Muscovites, at least those under 50, were better dressed. That this was not a starving country was something I realized on day three of my stay, as I sat in a small park and watched an obese basset hound, oblivious to the NO DOGS ALLOWED—FINE (erased) RUBLES sign, make the rounds of the benches and eloquently wag its tail in front of anyone eating an ice cream or a meat roll—with a pretty good success rate.

Some people have become avid comparison-shoppers; others find ingenious ways of supplementing their incomes. The papers are full of ads offering services, from typing to poodle grooming to "erotic massage for wealthy ladies." Years of Communism have been a good incentive to develop unexpectedly marketable skills: when the leather-laced chain strap of my purse broke, my host talked me out of even trying to find a repair shop, and instead fixed it himself.

As winter approached, the anxiety bordering on dread with which *zima* was awaited last year was not in evidence. Rather, as people stocked up on potatoes and canned fruit preserves, there was resignation to further hardship, but with a reasonable certainty of survival. Meanwhile, the Communist party was theoretically on trial in Moscow, but most of its former bosses were raking in profits from shady joint ventures and relaxing in the same saunas as before. The bananas at vendors' tables at the Frunze metro station across the street from where I stayed, which had been going for 230 rubles a kilo ten days earlier, were up to 260. Ads in the classified sections, and in the streets with tear-off numbers to call, offered "high-paying jobs for beautiful girls without hang-ups."

The week before my departure, the REVEREND FATHER SERGIUS, PRAY TO GOD FOR US signs were gone, replaced with ads for a sermon by Billy Graham, whose title, unfortunately, evoked its own unintended ironies: all over Moscow, huge banners screamed, WHY? ❐

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Can You Believe It?

by James Bowman

Is it just me, or is the stuff coming out of Hollywood getting more and more far-fetched and unbelievable? If art (and that means movies, too) has a conscience, its guiding principle is not morality but truth-to-life, which is all that prevents it from collapsing into a farrago of fantasy and nonsense like *Toys*, a flick so far removed from reality that it is hardly worth criticizing. And it is hard to avoid the suspicion that Hollywood is losing its artistic conscience (its moral conscience, of course, went long ago). Look at some of the movies that have, amazingly enough, attracted millions of viewers in recent weeks.

In *The Bodyguard*, with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston, we are asked to believe that a self-absorbed, Madonna-like pop star (Miss Houston) could be the target of a contract killing meant to take place on the night of the Academy Awards ceremony just as she receives the Oscar for best actress. A heroic ex–Secret Service agent (Costner) stops the bullet intended for her. Hollywood may have forgotten how to make a thriller, but it certainly remembers its own self-importance—as if anyone sane enough to hire a killer would consider this chanteuse important enough to go to so much trouble to kill. Paradoxically, the film manages to demonstrate the untruth of a contention—"Politics and show business, it's the same thing these days"—that we would otherwise be disposed to believe.

In *Passenger 57*, the original premise is that a "sophisticated British aristocrat" (Bruce Payne) goes around killing people and hijacking airliners because of an unhappy childhood (his life of crime started with the murder of his father) but for no discernible political reason, until he is stopped by a black street kid turned security agent (Wesley Snipes). And if this isn't unbelievable enough, the sophisticated British aristocrat has managed to collect around himself a terrorist gang (have they all killed their fathers?) who are as ruthless and violent as he is. Hey! If one sophisticated British aristocrat/terrorist is a good idea, how about a *gang* of sophisticated British aristocrat/terrorists? Talk about decadence!

But if you think that idea strains credulity, you should try *A Few Good Men*, which manages to make the lawyers the good guys and the men of honor the bad guys. On top of that we have to believe that Tom Cruise is smart, Demi Moore is a tough career soldier, and Jack Nicholson is a right-wing nut. Tell it to the Marines! And we may add to the film's sins against verisimilitude the dangerous, anti-military nonsense that it has in common with *Toys* and that also arises out of detachment from reality. Rob Reiner, the director, and Aaron Sorkin, the writer, are not leftists and pacifists; they only take a left-pacifist line because they don't know any better. In the end we have to agree with Jack Nicholson's crazy colonel that "You f----ing people have no idea how to defend a country."

In two-and-a-half years of pretty industrious movie-watching, I have only once gone to an evening showing where I was the only person in the audience. That was during the second week of *Home Alone 2*, and it gave me the wild hope that the brat Macaulay Culkin may this time have fallen as flat on his face as the burglars played by Joe Pesci and Daniel Stern are constantly doing in this idiotic cartoon. Some hope! Yet even if you can believe that the kid's parents are stupid enough to have left him behind at the airport, I defy you to believe that they left their money and credit cards behind with him. Why does no one protest at such implausibility?

One answer, I suppose, is that it is supposed to be a kiddies' fantasy—you might as well expect verisimilitude of Bugs Bunny or the Three Stooges, both of which it resembles. But I wonder if even children are quite indifferent to the matter of believability. Of course they are readier to accept things like the magic lamp and the genie in *Aladdin*, Disney's latest homogenized and pasteurized fairy tale. Maybe they even like it before they are told by their parents that they are supposed to like it. But I'll bet they would like it better if Aladdin were, as he was originally, a real thief instead of a goody-goody who shares with the poor the crust of bread that is the only thing we see him steal.

There is a good example of how the artistic conscience differs from the moral. Aladdin is a better person for sharing and for giving up his last wish to free the genie. He teaches morally improving lessons, but he's too good to be true, as is Macaulay Culkin's wisdom beyond his years in persuading an old bag lady to clean herself up. That kind of thing is even more unbelievable than sophisticated British aristocrats hijacking airliners, but the assumption is that kids will swallow anything.

If so, the trouble lies with entertainment overload. When reality for most people consists in large part of watching television and movies, then what standard of reality do they have by which to judge television and movies? Children, whose experience of reality outside such second-hand sources is even more limited, are particularly ill-equipped to judge, which

(continued on page 65)

James Bowman, The American Spectator*'s movie critic, is the American editor of the* Times Literary Supplement.

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PAST IMPERFECT: FRENCH INTELLECTUALS, 1944-1956

Tony Judt

University of California Press / 348 pages / $30

reviewed by M. D. CARNEGIE

When several years ago a publisher suggested to Robert Conquest that *The Great Terror*, his well-known book on the Stalin purges, be brought out again under a new title, the author offered as an alternative *I Told You So, You F---ing Fools*. Conquest, of course, was only one among many whose tales of Soviet atrocities found an unreceptive audience. When Victor Kravchenko published his autobiography in 1946, detailing the horrors of the labor camps in Stalin's *univers concentrationnaire*, he was roundly vilified. For many, Kravchenko's former party status and belated escape from the Soviet Union rendered his authenticity suspect. Small errors of fact were magnified into evidence of general misrepresentation. That the book was first published in America led to charges that the entire work was mere Washington-manufactured propaganda. And as late as 1953 Albert Camus, by then no apologist for Communism, denounced Kravchenko as a capitalist "profiteer." Camus was at least near a truth; in the decade after the book's first appearance in France, *I Chose Freedom* sold over 500,000 copies.

"After a couple of weeks," Jacob Burckhardt once remarked, "even the wittiest of books gets abandoned in Paris." But by any standard, French intellectuals' romance with Communism was preternaturally persistent. Tony Judt's remarkable new book, *Past Imperfect*, is a horrifying etiology of the moral blindness of a generation of French intellectuals who discoursed about justice in the abstract while ignoring it in practice, and who proclaimed themselves moralists even as they were sweeping Stalin's horror under the carpet.

It is easy to forget the strength of Stalin's claim on the French imagination. In the muddle of the Third Republic, intellectuals of every stripe were profoundly dissatisfied with life in democratic France. The editorial pages were rife with phrases like "capitalist tyranny," and it was common practice in the thirties to offer a critique of society in terms of Hobbesian chaos. The Moscow show trials became widely known from another ignored bestseller, Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, yet so implausible were they in their horror that they had relatively little impact. "Just as the Inquisition did not affect the fundamental dignity of Christianity," wrote André Malraux, "so the Moscow trials have not diminished the fundamental dignity of Communism."

The rise of Vichy occasioned a wholesale discrediting of the intellectual right, which had shared with the left a yearning to see France reconstituted along radical, non-bourgeois lines. Pétain and the National Revolution were eventually seen to be shallow and hopeless, and as the anti-fascist movement gained in solidarity, criticism of the Soviets, such as there was, became suspect. Anti-anti-Communism was rabid in the *pas d'ennemis à gauche* vapors of the hour, and the left had begun to claim loudly for itself the moral force of evolution and progress. "For many," Judt writes, "Hitler's lightning victory constituted the verdict of history, a judgment upon the inadequacy and mediocrity of contemporary France, much as Stalingrad would later be seen as history's (positive) verdict upon Communism." Indeed, the Red Army's heroic performance at Stalingrad provided the Soviet Union with an almost unimpeachable moral currency. Even for those who had seen the show trials of the thirties for what they were, Stalin's defeat of the Nazis seemed incontrovertible evidence that the Soviet Union was on the side of the correct and proper.

No such credit came to the Allies, alas, as Judt points out. Resentment toward the United States was virulent for the wartime bombing, its *de facto* occupation during the Liberation, and the spectacle of wad-of-bills-carrying G.I.s gaily strolling the boulevards of a vanquished and destitute nation. In a culture where it was common enough to find editorials in the daily paper ruing the advent of the automobile and modern refrigeration, the mighty American machine was anathema. The vileness of fascism notwithstanding, liberalism and its material realization in American hegemony were widely perceived to be the real spiritual and political enemies of postwar France.

In this environment, Judt maintains, there were four possible intellectual responses to Stalinism. There was the simple rejection of those, like Raymond Aron, whose public force was and had been insubstantial; there was the simple acceptance of those, like Louis Aragon, who were Communist party members and flatly denied all reports of Stalinist terror; there were "Trotskyists, revolutionary syndicalists, and aging surrealists, who sought somehow to maintain a radical position compatible with opposition to communism"; and there was the most complicated and ultimately revolting response of all, that of Sartre, Merleau-Ponty, Emmanuel Mounier, and others who

> devoted themselves not to condemning or defending the works of Stalin but to *explaining* them. What they sought was a plausible and convincing account of otherwise incomprehensible events, an account that could maintain the illusions of the postwar years and sustain the radical impetus supplied by the Resistance and its aftermath. . . . Theirs was the

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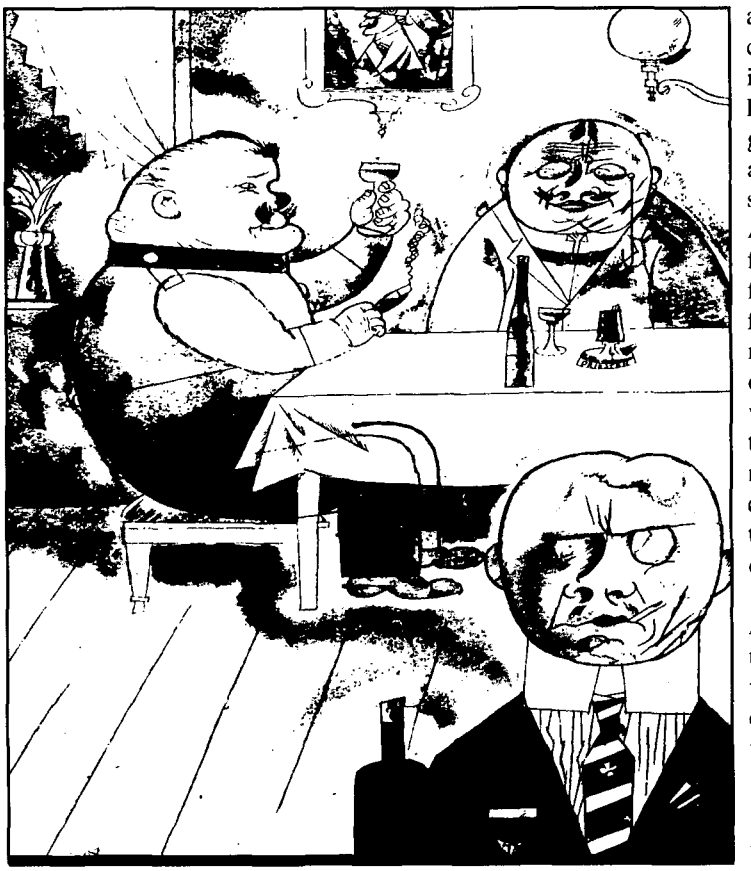
altogether more troubling task of acknowledging honestly (as they saw it) the realities of the Communist experience in all its horrors, and yet so explaining the latter as to be left with an experience and a project worthy of their dreams and defensible in their own philosophical and ethical language.

What this meant, ultimately, was the rationalization of terror—not only in pursuit of the Marxian dream of history's fulfillment, but also in accord with the French intellectual's new claims to prominence in public life. Thus Sartre, who had spent the war rolling his career along merrily under the German occupation, could remark after the purge and execution of the Czech Rudolf Slansky and thirteen others: "Perhaps we live in a situation in which the injustice against one person no longer seems to apply."

Sartre, of course, was the *primus inter pares* of French thinkers. It was he who galvanized intellectuals with his claim that writing was action. But when his voice might have mattered most, he was perfectly content to keep his pipe in his mouth. After the publication of his well-known philosophical essay on the Jewish question, reports were arriving of the Soviet persecution of Jewish Communists, as well as the deportation and murder of Yiddish writers. Eleven of the fourteen defendants in the Slansky trial were Jews, and everybody understood the rhetoric of the prosecution's charges of "nationalism" and "Zionism." François Mauriac publicly demanded that Sartre make a statement; Sartre declined, admonishing that the "problem of the condition of Jews in the Peoples' Democracies must not become a pretext for propaganda or polemic." That said, he left for Vienna just days after the mass execution to attend the Communists' "World Congress of Peace."

Sartre's irresponsibility was only the most egregious. Merleau-Ponty, in direct reply to *Darkness at Noon*, wrote *Humanism and Terror*, in which he adduced the possibility that the show trials were "not only wise but historically just." Arguing that if one placed one's bets on the dream of a meaningful history of change and struggle, and assuming that Communism was the legitimate mechanism for that change, the purges were small beer, a necessary cost in the achievement of a realized dream. This fantastical account was a frequent touchstone for French apologists. Thus, when Sartre later referred to Stalin's terror as the "midwife of history," he was merely bringing his metaphorical gift to bear on what the fellow-travelers already "knew."

It was this intellectual climate that first spawned what Judt calls the "distributive justice" of moral equivalence. In 1950, Merleau-Ponty and Sartre wrote: "You cannot deny (with the necessary nuances) that colonies are the labor camps of the democracies." Wage labor being the same as mass murder, it was therefore absolutely illegitimate for Westerners to pass judgment on the interior proceedings of Stalin's reign. While this rhetoric had the fortunate effect of shifting the focus of many intellectuals to the anticolonial movement, and thus keeping their energies away from further Communist apologizing, it nevertheless tells of a warp in Western intellectual life that has yet to unbend itself. When we read of Simone de Beauvoir deriding *Shane* and *High Noon* as war propaganda, or a hostile Pierre Daix claiming American cinema to be analogous to the work of Leni Riefenstahl, it all seems like so much *Village Voice* clatter *ab origine*.



Judt has written a spectacularly damning work of scholarship that will curdle the blood of those who have wandered happily through the pages of twentieth-century French literature. Though originally intended for a French audience, and a scholarly one at that, the book is fine reading. There is an excellent section on the continuing legacy of French intellectual life, as well as a keen overview of the language of rights in France, and how it has come to differ so greatly from its Anglo-American counterpart. But for all Judt's genealogical fair-mindedness, one wishes for just a bit of vitriol. This might have allowed him to conclude that sometimes the writers in question were neither formulating languages nor positing utopias nor validating philosophies; sometimes they were simply cretins.

Sartre, in *Truth and Existence* (1948), had tried to illuminate the place of truth in existentialism. He offered as his sole example the experience of a woman who knows she has fatal tuberculosis and yet ignores it. For him, the woman's decision to ignore the disease invalidates the authenticity of her existence. Concerning Sartre—who would write in the 1950s, "I have looked, but I just cannot find any evidence of an aggressive impulse on the part of the Russians in the last three decades"—we may come to two conclusions: (1) that his philosophy, an exercise in the abstract *par excellence*, was even more personal than is yet realized; and (2) that, as Robert Conquest might have it, he was a f---ing fool. ❐

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MURDOCH

William Shawcross

Simon & Schuster / 496 pages / $27.50

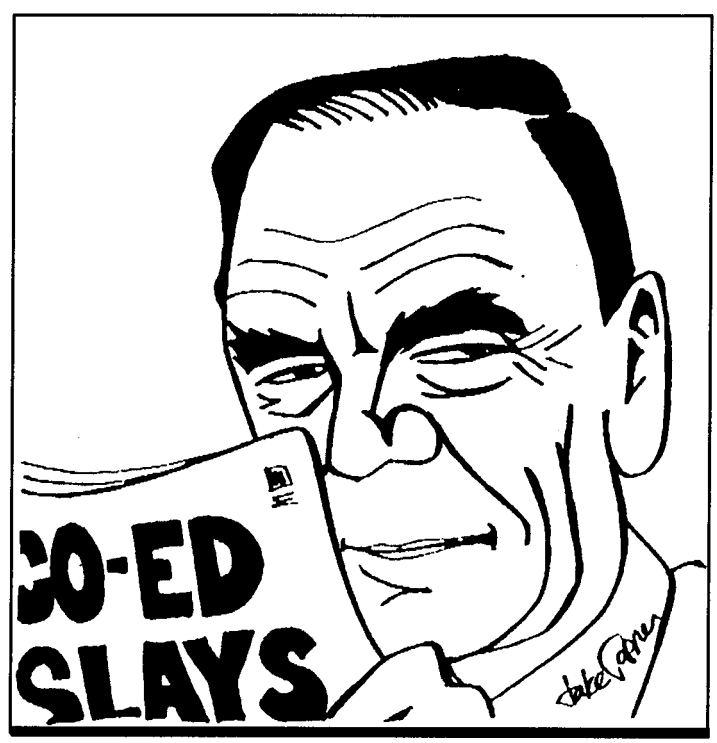
reviewed by STUART REID

Like so many of us, Rupert Murdoch did not get a fair start in life. His paternal grandfather was the moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Australia. His maternal grandfather was a swashbuckler and spendthrift of Irish extraction whose gambling debts were often so great that his wife had to rent out their home and move the family into an apartment. His father, Sir Keith, was managing director of the Melbourne-based Herald and Weekly Times newspaper group and a disciple of Lord Northcliffe, the tabloid genius who horrified the British Establishment by taking over the *Times* in 1908, and some years later went mad. Emerging as he did from such a gene pool, what chance did young Rupert have of becoming a pillar of society?

That's not to say that Murdoch is without free will—he is, after all, human—but his life has been dominated by a mindset that is in equal (and irreconcilable) parts permissive and puritanical. During his youth the puritan element was uppermost. He was a socialist at Oxford and kept a bust of Lenin on his mantelpiece. At 21, and still in England, he inherited the *Adelaide News* from his father. One of the first things he did as a newspaper proprietor was to cable his editor with these thoughts on the second Kinsey report, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*:

> FAMILY NEWSPAPER LIKE OURSELVES GAIN GREAT KUDOS LEAVING THIS MUCK ALONE STOP FORNICATION MASTURBATION FRUSTRATION UNSUITABLE FOR ADELAIDE FAMILY FIRESIDE STOP.

He had a point. Adelaide was a fine upstanding city in those days, full of what the Australian satirist Barry Humphries calls "decent church-going buggers and sheilas who come across." In 1960, however, when he was 29, Murdoch bought the *Sydney Daily Mirror*, a raffish tabloid whose excesses he encouraged. The star reporter there was Steve Dunleavy, a hard-drinking womanizer (later star at the *New York Post*) who counted among the tools of his trade a Bible, a set of rosary beads, a star of David, and a doctor's white coat; anything that would help him gain the confidence of the wretched and vulnerable creatures—the crash victims, the failed suicides, the beaten wives—whose stories sell popular newspapers.



Yet Murdoch knew where to draw the line. He ordered his sub-editors not to wear suede shoes, since he had a (no doubt irrational) theory that only "homos" wore them. He disapproved of dirty jokes and women in trousers. As the sixties wore on he began to tire of the left (though he did not embrace conservatism until the seventies). He grew restless. In 1968 he went to London and bought the *News of the World*, then the *Sun*, and pretty soon *Private Eye* was calling him the Dirty Digger. After the *Sun* came the *Star*; after the *Star*, "Studs"; in between came the *Times* and the *Sunday Times* of London. When the Evil Empire began to collapse, he went shopping in Hungary and bought a raunchy scandal sheet. He hung out his shingle in China and won the contract to print China's telephone directories. Today he prints 60 million newspapers and magazines a week. He also prints Bibles—more, indeed, than any other publisher in the English-speaking world.

William Shawcross has written a gripping and balanced biography, one that has the unusual distinction, given its subject, of being critical without being hostile. What emerges most forcefully from its pages is that you never know where you are with Murdoch, perhaps because he is not sure himself. He is the world's most attractive, most capricious, and most powerful media mogul. He is also, possibly, the most dangerous. Certainly, in spite of his many acts of generosity to individuals and institutions, he is dangerous to know. Such is his charm that grown men—grown women, too—fall hopelessly in love with him, only to be discarded and replaced by others when they have served their purpose. He sacks editors for breakfast.

Conscience has never made a coward of Murdoch. On the other hand Murdoch has made a humbug of many a

Stuart Reid is assistant features editor of the London Sunday Telegraph.

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conservative. If in the eighties he had championed Kinnock and Dukakis instead of Thatcher and Reagan, we whose politics incline to the right would have had no hesitation in dismissing him as a scuzzball. Liberals, of course, have no such inhibitions, but that doesn't mean that liberals aren't humbugs. Liberals condemn Murdoch's sleaze, but their real target is his politics. What really upset sensitive New Yorkers about Murdoch's *Post* was not its alleged slime but its support for Reagan.

Murdoch's politics were no more pleasing to the chattering classes of Boston, where his *Herald* ran a rollicking campaign against Edward Kennedy, dubbed "the fat rich kid " by Howie Carr, one of the paper's columnists. Kennedy got his revenge in 1987 when he pulled a mean little stunt (involving Senator Ernest Hollings, the Appropriations Bill, and the FCC) that in effect forced Murdoch to sell the *New York Post*. The Senator from Massachusetts may have beaten Murdoch on Capitol Hill, but in the brawl that followed, the Murdoch camp had the last (or best) laugh. "Was it something I said, Fat Boy?" asked Carr.

There was, moreover, always an element of piety in the liberal humbug. When, following the pattern set by Northcliffe, Murdoch bought the *Times* in 1981, Patrick Brogan, the paper's liberal Washington correspondent, resigned. He told the *Baltimore Sun* that "no honest journalist could work for Murdoch." Please. The *Times* and all its journalists—honest, dishonest, and mentally subnormal—might have gone under if Murdoch had not bought the paper. What is more, he improved it. The old *Times* had about it the odor of sanctimony. Now, it smells, looks, and feels like a newspaper. It employs scores of honest journalists.

What was good for the *Times* was good for Fleet Street. In 1986, Murdoch sacked his recalcitrant and greedy printers and moved his operations from central London to a new site with computer technology at Wapping in the East End. This move ended the printing unions' stranglehold on newspaper production and enabled journalists, first on the *Times*, then on all the other national titles, to type their stories directly into computers and to edit them on screen. But during the bitter dispute that followed the move—violent picketing continued for months—Murdoch got little support from his peers. The *Observer* spiked a piece written by Bernard Levin, a *Times* columnist, for fear of upsetting its own printers. Other newspapers were equally small-minded. Murdoch noted the perfidy. His contempt for the English had always been keen. Now it was razor-sharp.

Americans were much more to his liking. By 1984 he owned, in addition to the *New York Post* and the *Boston Herald*, the *San Antonio Express*, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the *Star*, the *Village Voice*, and *New York* magazine. In 1985 he became a real live American, when he renounced his Australian citizenship in favor of Fox Television. (If he had remained a resident alien, he would not, under the Communications Act, have been allowed to own a broadcasting company.) To some of his new fellow-

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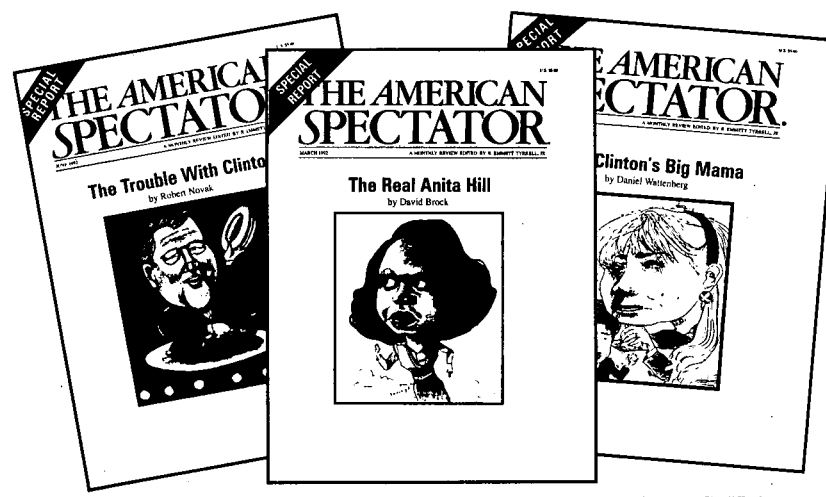

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citizens it seemed that Murdoch had chosen the United States as a nation of convenience. William Safire noted that Murdoch was a "citizen of the world." "Americans," he wrote, "should remind him that allegiance means loyalty, sometimes passionate loyalty." Mike Royko was (of course) blunter. Murdoch was not fleeing Communism or any other kind of tyranny, he observed. "Nor does he have a skill that is in short supply. By profession Murdoch is a greedy, money-grubbing, power-seeking, status-climbing cad. Since when is that skill in short supply?" Murdoch cried all the way to the bank.

Yet there is room for real tears. Fox hasn't done Murdoch any favors. He is by training and temperament a newspaperman; it is as a newspaperman that he has made his most valuable, perhaps his only, contribution to our times, and this is true in spite of the filth of some of his tabloids. In the days of hot metal he could do any job in the newsroom, from writing the front-page lead to laying out a features spread. He could also do just about any job in the print room (and, during strikes in Sydney, did). Not even his mother would describe him as a starry-eyed idealist, but in 1964 he launched the *Australian*, the excellent Sydney-based national newspaper, and kept it going through years of losses. He liberated the *Times* (and with it Fleet Street) and added intellectual muscle to the *New York Post*. Betty Riddell, a sometime Murdoch feature-writer, remembers her former boss at his best: "He was always around, both at the *Mirror* and at the *Australian*. He knew us all, loved us all, and he took our advice. . . . He could always be talked to. . . . Now, it's all gone."

Gone to Southern California. As a newspaperman Murdoch reaches millions; as owner of Fox he has the potential to reach billions. His influence now extends to the meanest shack in the Third World, and that influence, drawn so often from the most prurient and violent manifestations of Western culture, is debasing. As far as Murdoch is concerned, though, if people want pap, then pap they must have. It is easy to be glib about these things, but Shawcross, who is no anti-capitalist (indeed, he has been condemned by the hysterical British left for selling out to Murdoch), surely has a point when he says that "Murdoch is operating in a market where only the number of viewers matters."

Murdoch would dispute the suggestion that standards mean nothing to him. Consider the incident last summer when he sacked Stephen Chao, head of Fox and creator of "Studs," for parading a male stripper before such worthies as Mr. and Mrs. Dick Cheney, Irving Kristol, and Lord Rees-Mogg.[1] "There are limits," he said, and we all fell about. But a more interesting aspect of this affair was the topic under discussion: "the threat to democratic capitalism posed by modern culture." This missed the point. In the late twentieth century, democratic capitalism and modern culture are one and the same thing. The real problem is the threat posed to culture—in the East as much as in the West—by democratic capitalism.

This is not an argument against democratic capitalism itself but a lament over what has become of capitalist democracies, where the liberal demand for socio-sexual "rights" and their attendant "freedoms" has been granted by the courts, and fed by the market. "Anybody," Murdoch once said, "who, within the law of the land, provides a service which the public wants at a price it can afford, is providing a public service." Precisely: if a thing is not actually against the law, do it, say it, sell it. Thus liberty becomes license; freedom of speech freedom from restraint; and the free market, at least in information technology, a means of controlling the global village.

And yet, and yet. Murdoch himself opposes much of the liberal agenda, and he acknowledges that the News Corp. has been guilty of horrible lapses of taste. Furthermore, he can see that globalism has its downside. "Are we going to homogenize the whole world with satellite and cable, with no room for local culture?" he asks. "I think there is a danger. One benefit may be that it is more peaceful. And more prosperous. But there will be fewer differences."

Whether Murdoch shares in that greater prosperity remains to be seen. His wealth is fabulous but so are his debts. Fox and Sky (his British television interest), along with the purchase of *TV Guide* for a giddying $3 billion, almost sent him belly-up. In 1990, News Corporation's debts amounted to $7.6 billion, and the bankers wanted their money. The immediate crisis passed thanks to the heroic rescheduling and restructuring performed by Ann Lane, but billions remain to be repaid in February 1994.

A prudent fellow might at this stage decide to call it quits, but prudence has never been among Murdoch's vices. At 61 he remains a driven man. Shawcross never quite answers the question he poses at the beginning of his book: "What, who, or where is his Rosebud?" Perhaps there is a rusting linotype machine somewhere in the Australian outback . . . If, however, like Kane, Murdoch is a tragic figure, it is because he has squandered his talents. Brian Haynes, the man who created Sky, told Shawcross: "Murdoch's problem is that he is a dealer now, not a creator. He has enormous power for good, but he does not use it." In other words, the problem is not that he has too much power—the usual charge—but that he misuses the power he has.

It is an old story. Stanley Baldwin condemned the press barons of his day for exercising "power without responsibility—the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages." Still, harlotry can add to the gaiety of nations. In 1983 the *Times* and *Sunday Times* bought the Hitler diaries after they had been authenticated by Lord Dacre (the historian Hugh Trevor-Roper), who was said to have staked his academic reputation on his judgment that they were genuine, which of course they were not. On April 24, the *Sunday Times* ran a huge background piece on the diaries as a prelude to their serialization. After the first edition had been printed, the then-editor, Frank Giles, rang Dacre, who now said he had serious misgivings. Panic. Should the presses be stopped and the story pulled? A senior executive, Brian MacArthur, rang Murdoch in New York and told him the bad news. Murdoch listened patiently, considered the implications, and said: "F--- Dacre. Publish."

Say what you will about the man, at least he is not too proud to pitch his tent beyond the pale. That, in the end, is both his glory and his shame. ❐

[1] For a full account, see Erich Eichman's "Fox on the Run" in the September 1992 *TAS*.

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THE WAY THINGS OUGHT TO BE

Rush H. Limbaugh III

Pocket Books / 304 pages / $22

reviewed by R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Something dreadful happened in the late 1970s, and I am pleased to admit I played a role. The thing was a crime and an atrocity. Worse, it was critique, a blasphemous critique, a critique of the Established Church of the United States, that is to say of liberalism. The critique was formulated in the 1950s by associates of William F. Buckley, Jr.; and quite properly his sanity was questioned, as was his virtue. Then in the late 1970s a second wave of profane intellects came along, and I was there.

We were equated with criminals. Our criticism of liberals was called liberal-bashing, for when we revealed the fatuities of liberalism, the liberals adjudged it brutal and insidious. By the early 1980s they came to the opinion that something had to be done to end these hostile acts against them. They chose silence; they would ignore our criticism, and so dominant were they in our culture that they got away with it. They had polluted the media, the universities, every area of artistic and intellectual endeavor with their prejudices, bugaboos, and inaccurate ideas. They had replaced American culture with *Kultursmog*, and in the *Kultursmog* the criticism of Liberalism did not matter. Rather than respond to it, liberals could misrepresent their critics by alluding ominously to a handful of pinheads from the Ku Klux Klan and other village idiots as the chief critics of their pious piffles.

However, as the 1980s came and went, ever more liberal-bashers arrived on the scene. If liberals ever wondered at the growing abundance of liberal-bashers in the land, they did so behind closed doors. In public they continued to pat themselves on the back and to pollute the public discourse with their contaminated thought: The 1980s! a decade of economic ruin for farmers, blue-collar workers, the common man; Ronald Reagan! a threat-to-the-peace, a tyrant, then a magician, then a dunce; America! racial oppressor, oppressor of ladies, the world's largest and smelliest men's club. Wherever the intellectual majority was liberal, no dissent was possible, no ideas were uncontaminated with liberal politics. That is *Kultursmog*.

Now there is another wave of liberal-bashers. They appear on talk radio, where free Americans are allowed to talk back; and they are led by a great force, Rush Limbaugh, ecologist of the *Kultursmog*, sonorous and debonair liberal-basher. While the liberals have been multiplying pollutants in the *Kultur*, Limbaugh has been scrubbing the airwaves clean on his nationwide talk show, which attracts the country's largest radio audience since the advent of television, some 14 million liberty-loving Americanos.

Limbaugh has distilled his wit and good sense into a very readable book, *The Way Things Ought to Be*. The liberals will not review it, but it bobs atop the bestseller list like a bright cork. Despite its popularity and the huge following its author has attracted, it did not even get mentioned in the *New York Times Book Review*'s list of 400 notable books for Holiday bibliomaniacs. America's *Kultursmog* resists purification. Yet Limbaugh tries. His technique is to treat the victims of *Kultursmog* with "tough love." Early on, he confronts his patients:

> Everything in this book is right and you must be prepared to confront that reality. You can no longer be an honest liberal after reading this entire masterpiece. Throughout the book you will be challenged, because you will actually be persuaded to the conservative point of view. Whether you can admit this in the end will be a true test of your mettle as a human being. Now get to it.

Limbaugh is one of a kind. He has the skills of a sociologist, which he demonstrates superbly in defining a new variety of Americano, the Uglo-American. "These are not just people of average ugliness," the great man writes, "We're talking shocking, revolting, vile ugliness." But Limbaugh also has an historian's devotion to Truth:

> The vast majority of the American people DID NOT believe Anita Hill. I'll tell you this: the truth about this whole sordid attempt to destroy a man's life will eventually find its way into the mainstream press—several respected and accomplished journalists and scholars are already discovering and reporting information that is devastating to Anita Hill—and when it does, you who have supported and believed her will be embarrassed and shocked. Mark my words. In fact, go ahead and

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is editor-in-chief of The American Spectator *and author most recently of* The Conservative Crack-Up *(Simon & Schuster).*

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> mark this place in the book so you can instantly refer to it when the time comes. Go ahead—do it.

(The place in the book is page 120. The time when readers will look back to the place is this spring, when David Brock's scholarly study of the case comes out).

Limbaugh is a man versed in the philosophical quiddities. In discussing the bogus issue of animal rights, he duly notes:

> Rights are either God-given or evolve out of the democratic process. Most rights are based on the ability of people to agree on a social contract, the ability to make and keep agreements. Animals cannot possibly reach such an agreement with other creatures. They cannot respect anyone else's rights. Therefore they cannot be said to have rights.

Just so!

Au fond, however, this colossal man is a patriot. Yes of course, he is a sociologist, an historian of heft, and a philosopher, and—let me add—a humorous and perceptive writer, but his greatest contribution is made as a patriot, and in *The Way Things Ought to Be* he contributes to his country in almost every paragraph. He reminds us of the good sense of our fellows. He reminds us of the wisdom of our constitution, of the greatness of our history, of the nincompoopery of the left, and of the fact that conservatives are winning—despite an occasional setback. Finally, he suggests ways we might improve our country, for instance: "I have come up with a new national symbol for the United States. . . . replace the eagle with a huge sow that has a lot of nipples and a bunch of fat little piglets hanging on." With President William Jefferson Clinton ensconced in the White House, Limbaugh's sow will be an appropriate adornment for Air Force One.

Rush Limbaugh is quite obviously the greatest American since George Washington, and Limbaugh still has his own teeth. He has written a book that all Americans should read, and that his demented critics should have read to them by their probation officers or psychotherapists. This is liberal-bashing with bravura. It must not be ignored! ❐

UP IN THE OLD HOTEL

Joseph Mitchell

Pantheon / 718 pages / $27.50

reviewed by JOE MYSAK

Joseph Mitchell, now 84, is the last of those great *New Yorker* writers of the magazine's heyday. Most of us got to know him through Brendan Gill's *Here at The New Yorker,* in which Gill profiled all the magazine's great stylists—White, Thurber, Benchley, Liebling, Gibbs, McNulty, Maloney, Edmund Wilson—and put Mitchell at the top of the list. *Up in the Old Hotel* collects four Mitchell books: *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon* (1943), *Old Mr. Flood* (1948), *The Bottom of the Harbor* (1960), and *Joe Gould's Secret* (1965). For anyone who is not familiar with Mitchell—and his work has been out of circulation for so long that it is tough to see how many people could be—this collection is a feast, a staggering repast, a three-day bender.

As Mitchell told the *New York Times,* "I'm a ghost; everything's changed now." It is almost as if a hurricane roared through in the 1970s and blew out the picturesque, unthreatening city of Joseph Mitchell, replacing it with one that is almost pornographic. Yet Mitchell's tales can be appreciated even if the days of such gentle eccentrics as Old Mr. Flood, who lived in a venerable hotel downtown near Peck Slip, are long, long gone.

The art was in the writing; the craft was in the listening. Joseph Mitchell is a great eater and drinker, and a great listener. As he wrote in his first book, *My Ears Are Bent* (1938):

> The best talk is artless, the talk of people trying to reassure or comfort themselves, women in the sun, grouped around baby carriages, talking about their weeks in the hospital or the way meat has gone up, or men in saloons, talking to combat the loneliness everyone feels. The talk when you interview someone for a newspaper article is usually premeditated and usually artificial. Now and then, however, someone says something so unexpected it is magnificent.

There are a thousand stories in *Up in the Old Hotel,* most of them unexpected and magnificent, told by bartenders, gypsies, street preachers, a bearded lady, fishermen, boat captains, charlatans, cooks, Mohawk steelworkers, police detectives, and bricklayers. They are about life on the margin, desperation and endurance, living by one's wits. As Mitchell wrote in *My Ears Are Bent,* "I have been tortured by some of the fanciest ear-benders in the world . . . and I have long since lost the ability to detect insanity." And since many of these pieces date from the 1940s and 1950s, many of Mitchell's old-timers can just about remember Reconstruction and an East River filled with tall-masted ships.

The first piece in this collection, "The Old House at Home," about McSorley's Old Ale House, hits all of the familiar Mitchell themes, and seems to me to be the finest piece about a saloon and its customers that has ever been penned. Here is the lead:

> McSorley's occupies the ground floor of a red-brick tenement at 15 Seventh Street, just off Cooper Square, where the Bowery ends. It was opened in 1854 and is the oldest saloon in New York City. In eighty-eight years it has had four owners—an Irish immigrant, his son, a retired policeman, and his daughter—and all of them have been opposed to change.

Joe Mysak, TAS*'s chief saloon correspondent, is editor of the* Bond Buyer *and editor of the* American Banker.

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Can there be any doubt that the reader will get to know each of these characters? Old John McSorley, for example, would keep a horse in a stable around the corner, with a nanny goat in the same stall,

> believing, like many horse-lovers, that horses should have company at night. During the lull in the afternoon a stable hand would lead the horse around to a hitching block in front of the saloon, and Old John, wearing his bar apron, would stand on the curb and groom the animal. A customer who wanted service would tap on the window and Old John would drop his currycomb, step inside, draw an ale, and return at once to the horse.

His son Bill's "principal concern was to keep McSorley's exactly as it had been in his father's time," and to that end, "if the saloon became crowded, he would close up early, saying, 'I'm getting too confounded much trade in here.' " His favorite poem was "The Man Behind the Bar." He especially liked the last verse:

> *When St. Peter sees him coming he will leave the gates ajar,*
> *For he knows he's had his hell on earth, has the man behind the bar.*

Contrast McSorley's with Dick's Bar & Grill, in "Obituary of a Gin Mill," one of those saloons "within a few blocks of virtually every large newspaper in the United States . . . which also functions as a bank, as a sanitarium, as a gymnasium and sometimes as a home." The place apparently went downhill after Dick decided to move, and

> a salesman for a bar-fixtures concern got hold of him and sold him a bill of goods. I believe that bar-equipment salesmen have done more to destroy the independence and individuality of New York gin mills and their customers than Prohibition or repeal; there is nothing that will make a gin mill look so cheap and spurious as a modernistic bar and a lot of chairs made of chromium tubing.

Those who know the secret of Joseph Mitchell have their own favorites among the pieces here. Perhaps it is "The Mohawks in High Steel," which tells why a group of Canadian Mohawk Indians became expert steel workers. Or "Mr. Hunter's Grave," about a Staten Island community of black oystermen, and what happened after oystering died out in New York Harbor. Or perhaps it is the title piece, "Up in the Old Hotel," a history of Sloppy Louie's restaurant near the Fulton Fish Market. It might be the "Old Mr. Flood" stories, or the history of New York Harbor, or the profile of the rats on New York's waterfront.

For my money, though, nothing can top "All You Can Hold for Five Bucks," a history of "the New York Steak Dinner, or 'beefsteak.' " Beefsteaks were thrown by clubs and lodges, and featured slices of steak served up on bread, double lamb chops, and pitchers of beer. "Knives, forks, napkins, and tablecloths never had been permitted; a man was supposed to eat with his hands," writes Mitchell. The eaters wiped their hands on butcher aprons, and wore chef's hats. Writing in 1939, the writer says that when women got the vote and began to be invited to beefsteaks, corruption set in:

> The life of the party at a beefsteak used to be the man who let out the most ecstatic grunts, drank the most beer, ate the most steak, and got the most grease on his ears, but women do not esteem a glutton, and at a contemporary beefsteak it is unusual for a man to do away with more than six pounds of meat and thirty glasses of beer.

Mitchell, I hasten to add, is a normal-sized, even smallish, man. ❐

PERSONAL WITNESS: ISRAEL THROUGH MY EYES

Abba Eban

G. P. Putnam's Sons/671 pages/$29.95

reviewed by JOSEPH SHATTAN

According to his worshipful biographer, Robert St. John, Abba Eban is staggeringly fluent in Arabic, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish and Farsi, as well as English. An accomplished classics scholar whose idea of fun is translating *Oedipus* into colloquial English, a speed-reader who can absorb entire pages at a single glance, and the holder of an almost unprecedented Triple First in Classics and Oriental Languages from Cambridge, Abba Eban is clearly not a man to be taken lightly.

Nor, by all accounts, is he a very likable man. Even St. John reports that his Israeli colleagues considered Eban "exceedingly selfish, somewhat narcissistic, given to pomposity and often guilty of intellectual snobbism." If only his parents had told him, "You're wrong! That isn't right! Behave yourself!"—one close associate observed—"it might have made it easier for the rest of us."

Whatever his defects, Eban has enjoyed an extraordinary political career. In 1947, when he was only 32, he became the head of Israel's delegation to the United Nations, and played a key role in Israel's successful bid for statehood. He remained in charge of Israel's U.N. delegation for twelve years, while simultaneously serving for nine of those years as Israel's ambassador to the United States. He went on to serve as education minister, foreign minister, and deputy prime minister in various Labor governments. After the 1956 Suez campaign, and again after the 1967 Six-Day War, he upheld his country's good name and advanced its foreign policy objectives in speeches that have rightly been called Churchillian.

In 1974, however, the unthinkable happened. Yitzhak Rabin, newly installed as head of a Labor government,

Joseph Shattan, Vice President Quayle's former speechwriter, is a writer living in Virginia.

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dropped Abba Eban from his cabinet. To a man of Eban's temperament, the decision must have been a shattering blow. *Personal Witness* is Abba Eban's attempt to get even—not just with Yitzhak Rabin, but with the entire Israeli political establishment.

As Eban sees it, the sins of that establishment are neatly encapsulated in a popular Israeli saying: "It doesn't matter what the *goyim* say, but what the Jews do." To Eban, this smacks of hubris, zealotry, and a suicidal parochialism. In describing the diplomatic campaigns that he successfully waged on Israel's behalf, Eban is out to demonstrate that international opinion—"what the *goyim* say"—does matter, for only by winning the battle for public opinion can Israel hope to translate its military victories into lasting political achievements. In effect, Eban has written a cautionary tale: when what America's Founders called "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" was the guiding principle of Israel's statecraft, Israel scored its greatest diplomatic breakthroughs. But when Israel's statecraft lost sight of this principle, Israel experienced its most humiliating reverses.

There is, however, another side to the story. Sometimes, effective statesmanship does demand zealotry, does require a defiant indifference to the opinions of mankind. The classic example occurred in 1933. Hitler had just come to power, and Poland's Marshal Pilsudski approached France with a proposal for a joint pre-emptive strike on Germany. The French, however, fearful that international public opinion would never condone such an action, declined.

In 1981, Israel faced a dilemma not at all dissimilar. Iraq's military reactor, Osirak, was nearing completion. Prime Minister Menachem Begin knew that if Israel hoped to destroy Iraq's nuclear weapons potential, it would have to act quickly. But he also knew that an Israeli attack on Osirak would be universally condemned. When he ordered the attack, and the predictable firestorm of international criticism descended on Israel, Begin stood his ground, wagged his finger at the cameras, and in his heavily accented English intoned, "Never Again."

It is one of history's minor ironies that the senior American official who reportedly was most critical of Israel's action—then-Vice President George Bush—came to be the man who benefited most from it. For it is inconceivable that Desert Storm could even have been launched had Saddam Hussein already possessed nuclear weapons. No wonder that eleven years after Israel's attack, Bush's Vice President, Dan Quayle, acknowledged "the enormous debt the entire world owes to Israel in general, and to one Israeli leader in particular: Menachem Begin." Admittedly, Menachem Begin was a tough old bird. But there is no reason to suppose that David Ben-Gurion, Golda Meir, or Yitzhak Shamir would have behaved any differently. Nearly all of Israel's leaders have believed that, in the final analysis, "it doesn't matter what the *goyim* say, but what the Jews do."

The one exception is Shimon Peres. Shortly before Begin ordered the attack on Osirak, he contacted the Labor party leader and informed him of the planned operation. Peres was horrified. He responded with a secret letter warning Begin that the bombing of Osirak would turn the entire world against Israel. "We shall be left isolated and lonely as a dry tree in the desert," he wrote. Peres was right about the international reaction, but Begin was more right to ignore it.

It is difficult to say what Abba Eban thought of Begin's action, since in nearly 700 densely written pages, he succeeds at not discussing it. But the attentive reader will note that the only contemporary Israeli politician for whom Abba Eban has words of praise is Shimon Peres.

If Eban is reticent in expressing his views about the Osirak raid, he is quite outspoken about another contentious issue: Israeli policy toward the West Bank and Gaza. Eban is convinced that international opinion will never countenance a prolonged Israeli presence there. "The world," he writes, "is closing its mind against coercive jurisdictions. . . . The idea that national freedom is indispensable for Bosnia-Herzegovina while military rule is reasonable for the Palestinian people defies all logic."

Eban may well be right about world opinion. When I served on Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick's staff at the U.S. Mission to the U.N., the General Assembly was presented with an annual resolution affirming the right of people everywhere to use "all means necessary" to secure their "national liberation." The U.S. pointed out that this resolution appeared to sanction terrorism, provided it was carried out in the name of national liberation. Needless to say, our argument made zero headway.

But while international opinion has endorsed the principle of national self-determination in the most unqualified terms in the past, there are signs that it may no longer do so in the future. In a recent *Washington Post* article, a former deputy undersecretary in the Carter Administration, Joseph Nye, argued that, "the experience of Yugoslavia shows that the liberal principle of self-determination can lead to highly illiberal results." Citing the tragic fate of Bosnia, Nye concludes: "Simple-minded application of a liberal principle led to fascistic practice."

Conservatives, too, are attacking the "Self-Determination Trap." Paul Johnson has observed that "the belief that all people are ready for independence has proved illusory, at an incalculable cost in human misery." Johnson predicts the return of international trusteeships in places like Somalia, "restoring to the word colonialism the good name it once enjoyed—in Mediterranean antiquity no less than the nineteenth century."

When liberals and conservatives agree in challenging one of the central pillars of the post–World War II order, something very important is afoot. Abba Eban writes that "movements of ideas are becoming more potent than movements of armies." This is well put, but if he really meant what he said, surely Eban would join in the effort to change world opinion, instead of citing the disastrous precedent of Bosnia-Herzegovina as proof of the inevitability of a Palestinian state on the West Bank.

But Eban is too busy denouncing Israeli policy to concern himself with broader issues. Even to someone familiar with the special virulence of Israeli political life, the vehemence of his attack on former Prime Minister Shamir and his policies is astonishing. All the standard elements of the left's indictment of Israel are present and accounted for: Israeli democracy is called into question; Israeli oppression is assailed; and the inevitable comparison between Israel and South Africa is drawn—to South Africa's benefit!

What makes this denunciation espe-

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cially odd is that, once one gets past the indignant rhetoric, Eban's actual proposals for the West Bank and Gaza are not all that different from Shamir's. Shamir believes that Palestinians on the West Bank and Gaza should enjoy autonomy, but not sovereignty. Eban believes that Palestinians should enjoy sovereignty as well, provided that they renounce an essential element of sovereignty—namely, the right to deploy military forces on their own terrritory. That both proposals are equally unacceptable to Palestinian nationalists of the PLO and Hammas varieties must surely be clear to Eban in his calmer moments.

Since his fall from grace in 1974, Eban has carved out a new role for himself. Today, he is recognized by liberal pundits the world over as a Great Man. To retain this gratifying status, Eban cannot allow his views to stray beyond the bounds of political correctness. Bashing Shamir is politically correct; drawing invidious comparisons between the halcyon days of yesteryear and the moral abyss into which Israel has fallen today is also politically correct; and championing Palestinian nationalism is politically super-correct. But pointing out that Shamir is not a crazed ideologue; that Israeli hawks and doves both share certain elementary security concerns; and that Likud's autonomy proposals, however "limited" and restrictive they might seem to Palestinians in search of statehood, would be welcomed with cries of ecstasy by Kurds and other genuinely disenfranchised groups—none of these statements is politically correct. So they go unstated by Abba Eban.

In the illustrations accompanying *Personal Witness*, the one that shows Foreign Minister Eban meeting with his West German counterpart, Willy Brandt, seems especially appropriate. Their careers have remarkable parallels. Both men did great things when young: Brandt joined the anti-Nazi resistance and later served with distinction as the embattled mayor of West Berlin; Eban threw away his prospects for a glittering career in British academia and politics, and became the "Voice of Israel." Both men, in the fullness of time, came to enjoy widespread acclaim as media-certified Great Men. And both did so by turning their backs on the source of their youthful greatness. ❐

THE TALKIES

(continued from page 55)

allows them to be fobbed off with rubbish like *Aladdin* and *Home Alone 2*, which in turn puts them even further out of touch with reality.

Leap of Faith, by Richard Pearce, comes close to saying something interesting about the problems of belief and believability but isn't itself quite believable in the end. Steve Martin plays an itinerant preacher who is engagingly frank, at least in private, about the kinds of fakery he uses to rope the suckers in. "On Broadway you've got to pay $65 just to get in the door and you may not like what you see. I give my people a good show: plenty of music, worthy sentiments, for whatever they feel like paying. And they leave feeling a little hope that wasn't there before." If he's a fake, he adds, "what difference does it make, so long as I get the job done?"

I guess it depends on what the job is. So far as he is concerned, it is only entertainment—entertainment, like the kind that Hollywood increasingly purveys, that has no obligation of fidelity to anything outside itself. But when for once a miracle that hasn't been stage-managed by him takes place at one of his shows and its beneficiary repeats back to him his own words on fakery—"What difference does it make so long as you get the job done?"—he suddenly realizes that the job has grown, and replies that "it makes a lot of difference."

If so, it is not easy for us to see why. All the way through, the film has been so sympathetic to his argument—that the people come to hear his preaching and the singing of the "Angels of Mercy" because he gives them a good show—that it is difficult for it to turn around at this late stage and say that it makes a difference after all that it is all a fake. Just what difference *does* it make? We are never told, but must take it on faith (a new meaning for the title) that it makes enough of a difference that the man would give up his business on discovering that, in some sense, he has been selling the genuine article after all.

The movie is worth watching for Martin's performance as the con man, which redeems these flaws, and that brings up another point about verisimilitude: that a compelling dramatic situation or a highly charged performance brings with it so much good artistic karma that it can make up for almost anything that the piece is lacking in believability in other areas. A case in point is the movie of the month, *The Crying Game*, by Neil Jordan. Unfortunately, so much depends on the surprise in the middle of it—which is almost as unbelievable as Tom Cruise as a brilliant courtroom lawyer or Whitney Houston as important enough to be worth assassinating—that to reveal it would spoil a lot of people's enjoyment of the film.

What can be said is that here the incredible is not just incidental—a little cheating on the way to some other end—but the very basis of everything that the film is about. In other words, it does what *Leap of Faith* is finally unable to do and makes us accept the miracle in the middle as part of a serious statement about what the world is really like. This statement is that nature is not fixed and immutable. It takes as its text the story about the frog and the scorpion that a British soldier (Forest Whitaker) kidnapped by the IRA tells the most sympathetic of his captors, played by Stephen Rae.

The scorpion wants to cross a river and asks the frog to ferry him across. The frog says no, the scorpion will sting him and he will drown. The scorpion replies: "Why would I sting you if it meant I would drown myself?" The logic seems good to the frog, so he lets him get on his back. Halfway across the river, the scorpion stings him anyway. As he is sinking beneath the water, the frog asks: "Why? Why did you do it?" The scorpion replies: "Because it is my nature."

The soldier's point is that the IRA gunman will kill him because it is his nature. The world to the soldier is a terrifying place and he feels himself more or less helpless in the face of its arbitrary power to act according to its nature and crush little people like him. Neil Jordan disagrees, and the rest of the film attempts to prove the point—not by any facile means, as I say, but by making us believe in a truly stupefying turning aside of nature's juggernaut. Interestingly, I am readier to believe that the miracle in *Leap of Faith* is truer to reality than the miracle in *Crying Game*, but the latter is the one that works artistically. Just goes to show you what a great work of art can accomplish if it lets its conscience be its guide. ❐

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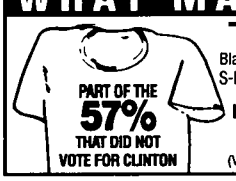

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WATTENBERG
(continued from page 40)

and when Vance and Christopher reacted negatively, I not only backed Schlesinger but stated that in fact our objective ought to be military preponderance, since the area was vital to the United States while not of equal significance to the Soviets."

In Christopher's defense, as deputy secretary of state his job was to reflect Vance's views. Perhaps at times he was Vance's loyal echo rather than his intellectual twin. "Whatever way Cy Vance looked at the world, Warren would try to look at the world in the same way," recalls a senior Carter official. "I don't think in practice he'll turn out to be very much different from Cy Vance, but that remains to be tested."

To a considerable extent, though, this possibility *has* been tested. After Vance's resignation following the aborted hostage rescue mission, his successor, Muskie, would rely on Christopher for substance as much as support. Throughout 1980, Christopher remained cool to efforts to boost America's presence in the Persian Gulf, even after the enunciation of the Carter Doctrine ("Any attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America, and such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force").

When in the fall of 1980, Soviet force deployments along the Iranian border raised the real possibility of a Soviet invasion, Brown and Brzezinski argued forcefully that the U.S. should tell the Soviets that a military move into Iran would precipitate war with the U.S. With Christopher now feeding Muskie the policy, the two tried to wriggle out of the Carter Doctrine commitments, not yet a year old. They suggested that the *U.S.* promise not to intervene in Iran and stay mum on U.S. responses to Soviet intervention!

After the Iran-Iraq war broke out, Christopher tried once more to undercut the Carter Doctrine. Saudi Arabia, fearing an Iranian attack on their oil fields in retaliation for planned Iraqi attacks to be launched from Gulf oil states, requested American AWACS,

(continued on page 69)

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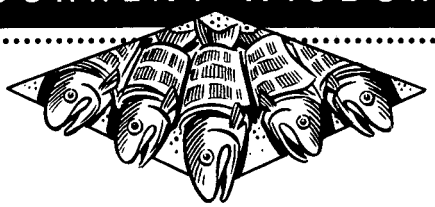
CURRENT WISDOM



Arkansas Democrat-Gazette

A statement of conscience uttered just before the Secret Service move in armed with Dr. Donna Shalala's Speech Code for the Nation:

Sitting around the office today, we were talking about all the different foods that might be served at the White House now that Hillary and Bill finally made the big time.

We all agreed on the kind of seasoning Bill needs to use on his food: saltpeter (potassium nitrate). *—Richard Morgan*
Little Rock

[December 14, 1992]

JAMA
(Journal of the American Medical Association)

More desperate measures taken on behalf of the failing planet Earth, this time by the gray lice who have finally subjugated the AMA:

In response to a growing number of members concerned about environmental issues, we are offering all of our members a chance to write a new kind of prescription for *JAMA* and a healthier planet.

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[November 18, 1992]

Free Lance-Star
(Fredericksburg, Virginia)

An anonymous editorial writer sucks up to Hillary:

If President-elect Clinton lifts the ban on homosexuals in the military, Gen. Powell and everyone else all the way down the chain of command will only have to do what people in the military are trained to do: Follow orders.

That makes the military a particularly easy place to accomplish social change.

[December 5, 1992]

New York Times

A pained communiqué from the *Kultursmog*:

A front-page article on Nov. 30 described signs that the American economy may be recovering. It quoted business people and economists who were beginning to see signs of improvement.

The headline referred to "the Clinton recovery," and the first sentence referred to "the Clinton expansion." Although the article reported suggestions that part of the recovery was due to a psychological reaction to the election of Bill Clinton, most of the statistical evidence of improvement should have been more directly linked to the Bush Administration.

[December 8, 1992]

San Francisco Bay Guardian

In one of the last revolutionary organs left in the Republic, UC Berkeley Prof. June Jordan manifests the old "to the barricades" *ésprit* in all its brass and heroism:

A few days after the election, my friend Sue was reading a Curious George book to her Emma, her daughter who is almost 2. Near the end of the book, a little boy's balloon gets caught in a tree. "Who do you think can get the balloon down for that little boy?" Sue asked Emma.

"Bill Clinton," Emma answered. Expectations are getting higher all the time.

[November 18, 1992]

City Pages
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)

On the correspondence page of a grea metropolitan gazette, the highly respected Miss Maria Bamford sug gests improvements for the real world:

I just wanted to say the article abou Nike's natural woman ads ("Pretty on th Inside," 11/25) was just fantastic. I thinl it's great. There are all these women tha are supposedly more powerful nov because we are stronger physically whe in fact we are spending four hours a day i the gym when we could be writing a bool or making a speech or debating feminis aspects of life.

[December 2, 1992]

Washington Post

More of the same from one Richar Blow on his fellow 20-year-olds:

But don't blame us if we're a grim bunch— it's not our fault. Our earliest conscious years had a bleak backdrop: Watergate, ga shortages, inflation, the hostages in Iran Things didn't get better when the free wheeling '80s rolled around. At a tim when we were desperate for a leader, w got . . . Ronald Reagan.

The Gipper's prime lasted from 198 to 1986, before Iran-contra and lame duc status hit home. Those were also the twen tysomethings' formative college years Reagan was popular among some stu dents, who found him a welcome antidot to the anxious Jimmy Carter. But colleg students tend to be liberal, and for most o us Reagan was a reviled figure, embody ing the opposite of all that mattered to us and not just because of his age. Insincere hollow, anti-intellectual, Reagan champi oned hostile positions on the social issue we cared about—abortion rights, racia justice, gay and women's rights. H mocked government's ability to bette people's lives, and cared little about find ing a substitute. Yet, to be fair, it wasn' just Reagan we were angry at: It was th country, for electing him—not once bu twice.

[December 13, 1992]

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The Review
(Bainbridge Island, Washington)
Mrs. Sally Frease makes history:

There is a feeling that has been growing inside of me for a long time, and I feel now is the time to do something about it. I have a genuine dislike for Halloween. It's not the candy, or the costumes, or the pumpkins, but it's the "yucky" side of all of these things. There is enough evil in the world without giving it a day to celebrate itself. I know I am not alone in my opinion, but this year I want to do something about it in a positive way.

I would like my family to "celebrate" Halloween by GIVING treats door-to-door, rather than just getting them. It won't be wrapped candy, but rather something special we have made. . . . We will probably still dress in "good guy" costumes (it makes giving anonymous); we will probably take along a bag in case those to whom we give would like to give us treats; and we'll probably carve pumpkins (happy faces, not scary ones).

[November 1, 1992]

University of California Press
The long-awaited announcement of *Touching Liberty: Abolition, Feminism, and the Politics of the Body*, by Karen Sánchez-Eppler, assistant professor of American Studies and English at Amherst College, just another proof that the American university is in the hands of the Vandals, the Visigoths, and the Huns:

In this striking study of the pre–Civil War literary imagination, Karen Sánchez-Eppler charts how bodily difference came to be recognized as a central problem for both political and literary expression. Her readings of sentimental antislavery fiction, slave narratives, and the lyric poetry of Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson demonstrate how these texts participated in producing a new model of personhood, one in which the racially distinct and physically constrained slave body converged with the sexually distinct and domestically circumscribed female body.

Moving from the public domain of abolitionist politics to the privacy of lyric poetry, Sánchez-Eppler argues that attention to the physical body blurs the boundaries between public and private. Drawing analogies between black and female bodies, feminist-abolitionists use the public sphere of antislavery politics to write about sexual desires and anxieties they cannot voice directly.

Sánchez-Eppler warns against exaggerating the positive links between literature and politics, however. . . .

[Spring 1993]

Associated Press
The sublime Miss Risa Denenberg ushers feminism from the realm of mere pest politics onto the lofty New Age plateau of performance art:

Risa Denenberg believes so strongly in a woman's right to abortion that she has had several, performed in people's homes, even though she wasn't pregnant.

The 42-year-old nurse practitioner waits until she is about to menstruate and then volunteers so small "self-help" groups can learn how to suction the contents of her uterus into a jar with a syringe and tubing.

"Everyone would go to the ends of the Earth to make you comfortable," she said. "I was never concerned anyone would do anything risky. There was a deep sense of awe and responsibility."

Denenberg, who lives in the Bronx, and hundreds of other women around the country regularly get together to practice menstrual extraction, a technique that a group of Los Angeles feminists developed in 1971 after observing equipment in an underground abortion clinic.

[December 14, 1992]

The Tennessean
(Nashville, Tennessee)
Paul A. Speer and Susan E. Avery issue a rebarbative little bull, demonstrating what happens when teacher's pet reaches adulthood:

As the holiday season approaches we submit the following declaration of wishes:

May the good work of building a new civilization proceed smoothly and efficiently.

May our cities be flawless in design and structural form, able to withstand any geologic, climactic [sic] or possibly even cosmic event.

May our education be practical and our information be free.

May we develop our agricultural skills with the realization that our future is to live with plants.

May we unite in the goal of survival for our descendants hundreds of millions of generations from now.

May we foresee and be prepared for all contingencies.

And may we make history that lasts longer than our solar system.

[November 22, 1992]

WATTENBERG
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intelligence help, and enhanced air defense. Christopher opposed the aid, lest it be perceived as being provocative by either Iran or the Soviets. For good measure, he suggested inviting the Soviets to join the U.S. in promoting a settlement to the conflict, in effect offering the Soviets parity in an area the President had declared a vital interest of the United States.

The internal debates, according to Brzezinski, reflected "conflicting" strategic views: "Brown and I were now firmly united in the view that the United States had to sustain its commitment to the security of the Persian Gulf, while Muskie and Christopher appeared inclined to use the Iraqi-Iranian war—arguing that the United States was neutral—as an opportunity to dilute the commitment made earlier in the year." Muskie hadn't been at the table when the commitment was made. What was Christopher's excuse?

Christopher's approach to the Iranian revolution—undermining the Shah's capacity to rule while displaying a haughty indifference to the consequences of weakening him—finds something of a parallel in the severe criticism meted out to the Los Angeles Police Department and its former chief, Daryl Gates, by his "Christopher Commission" report on the force in the summer of 1991. Compiled during the anti-LAPD furor sparked by the videotaped beating of Rodney King, the report added fuel to the public relations fire engulfing the department. Critics believe that in its crudely quantitative approach to the LAPD's use of force, its reluctance to acknowledge progress already made in confronting an array of problems and abuses, and its sweeping generalizations, the Christopher report caricatured the department as sadistic and racist, smeared a number of individual officers, and devastated officer morale at a time when the larger community that depends on the police could ill afford it.

The commission focused on forty-four "problem officers" against whom six or more "allegations" of excessive

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force had been lodged. This method, according to Commander Rick Dince, obscured distinctions between substantiated and unsubstantiated complaints. Prior to recent reforms, the department, he explains, classified complaints as "sustained, not sustained (meaning we couldn't prove it or disprove it), unfounded (which means that investigation was able to establish enough evidence to believe it didn't happen), or exonerated (which means that it happened, but it wasn't misconduct, it was a necessary part of their job)." But such crucial distinctions did not survive the Christopher Commission's statistical sleight-of-hand. "To get numbers that were even close to the numbers they had listed as far as the number of complaints or allegations against an officer, you had to count the unfoundeds or exonerateds, even though they should only count those that are either 'sustained' or 'not sustained,'" Dince recalls. "I have to believe they took a series of incidents, whether proven to be guilty or not, and established that these were problem officers just by the sheer number of complaints they had accumulated."

The commission's use of the category "allegations" in the absence of explanatory background information was itself deceptive, Dince explains, because the same incident often involves multiple "allegations": "A personnel complaint by a citizen against an officer might involve one or more 'allegations' of misconduct, and there might be one or more 'allegations' of excessive force or improper tactics." And the commission refused to provide the department with the background data that would permit analysis of their murky numbers. "They did provide us with the names of the original forty-four, but they did not provide us anything more than the names."

The bottom line, according to Dince: "I know from my own personal involvement with that issue that of those forty-four they identified as 'problem people' at least half of those people do not qualify based on the information available as being potential 'problem officers.'"

So what? defenders of the report might argue—the report was analytical not disciplinary and did not publish the names of the forty-four. True, the report did not name the forty-four. But the *Los Angeles Times* did, and it's safe to say that the list was not leaked to the paper by the LAPD.

In effectively equating complaints with guilt, Christopher's report established a precedent, argues Gates. "The Christopher Commission report will be the bible for every plaintiff's attorney who wants to sue the city of Los Angeles," he predicts. In a way, that's what he wants to see: "I keep hoping that some judge will allow this into evidence, so that Christopher and the rest of this commission can be brought in and required to prove the accusations that they made in that report."

Many officers agree with Gates's assessment that the commission report, in conjunction with the general drubbing that the LAPD took in the media following the Rodney King incident, had a "devastating" effect on police morale. Did the report and its ill effects on morale contribute to the belated LAPD response to the April riots? "I don't think there is any question about it, because everybody stood back and said restraint is the new order of the day," says Gates. "The Christopher Commission said we were too aggressive, and so a police officer is going to say, 'I'm not going to stick my neck out, because everybody says I'm too aggressive, they say I'm racist. I'm not, but that's what the Christopher Commission said we are, so there's no way I'm gonna stick my neck out.' Police officers are human beings; they react to this kind of thing."

After the outbreak of the Iran-Iraq war, the Iranians finally got serious about negotiating a deal to release the hostages. Christopher led the U.S. side in these indirect talks. In orchestrating the complex pattern of interlocking financial, legal, diplomatic, political, and logistical arrangements the agreement involved, Christopher performed with consummate professionalism, selfless dedication, and considerable ingenuity. Christopher has earned the high praise he has received for his personal role in this effort. While the hostage deal represents Christopher's crowning glory, it does not follow that it was a great moment in American foreign policy, even if Christopher thinks it was. "I believe that we should grasp, as a central lesson of the crisis, the wisdom in seeking negotiated settlements to international disputes," he wrote. "In the end, it was not the force of our arms, but the force of our arguments—and our economic and diplomatic leverage—that ultimately prevailed."

But very nearly the opposite is true. The Iranians got serious only after the war with Iraq made their frozen American assets suddenly indispensable. Leverage? Warren Christopher was reduced to invoking the specter of the incoming President, feared internationally at the time as unpredictably trigger-happy. Lou Cannon reports in *President Reagan: The Role of a Lifetime* that, according to Lloyd Cutler, "chief U.S. negotiator Warren Christopher warned the Iranian government through an Algerian intermediary that Reagan might be unwilling to approve an arrangement that freed the hostages in return for the release of frozen Iranian assets."

"I . . . take issue with those who contend we should never negotiate over hostages," wrote Christopher. "It is a mistake to equate talking with yielding. We can and should refuse, as we did in this case, to make concessions that might imply any form of victory for the kidnappers. We must resolutely resist the kind of outcome that could invite similar acts in the future." In 1985, he wrote: "There is scant incentive for others to copy the Iranian action in the future." This is debatable, and the counterargument consists of the hostages taken in Beirut throughout the 1980s. Whether the Carter Administration's handling of the hostage crisis "invited" future acts or not, it certainly did not deter them. And though the incentive might have been "scant" to copy the Iranian action, the same Iranian regime found the incentives sufficient to sponsor the same type of acts in Lebanon in the eighties.

"It was largely our respect for human life that made this a crisis," observed Christopher. "Our respect for human life also provides the essential context for any dealing with terrorists in the future." That view of the context shaped Carter's approach to his hostage crisis. And it made him a one-term President. ❐

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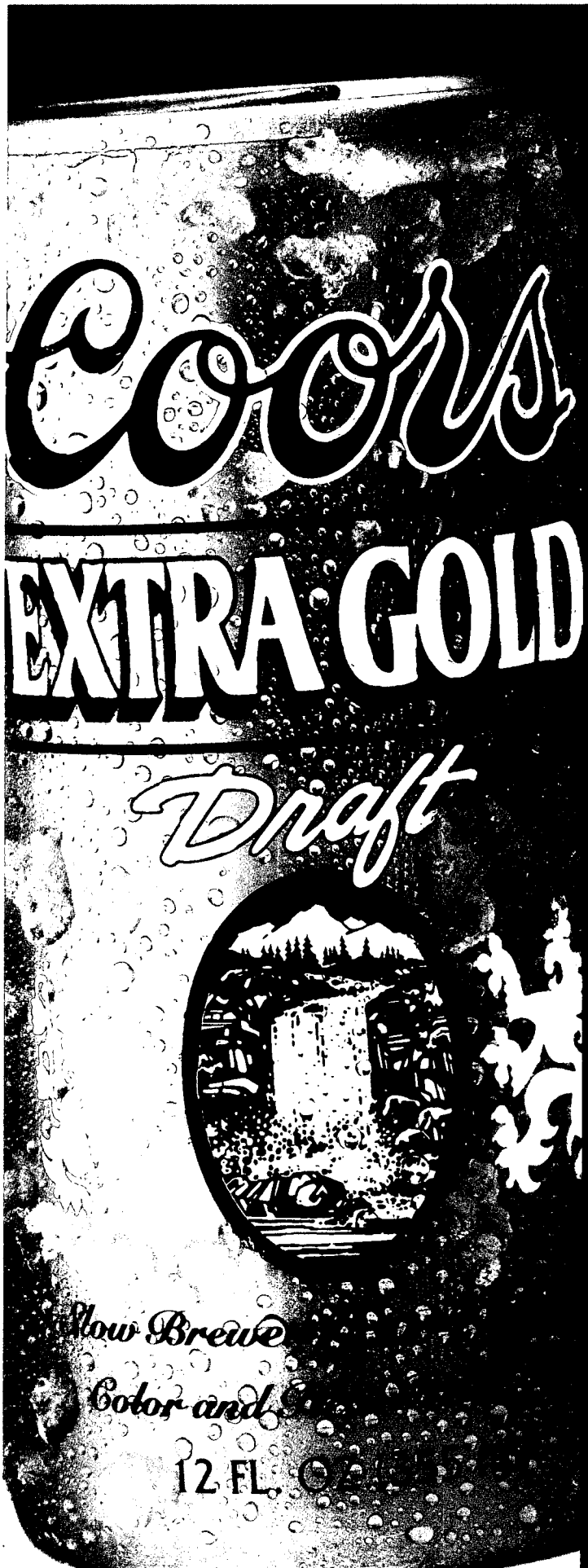

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